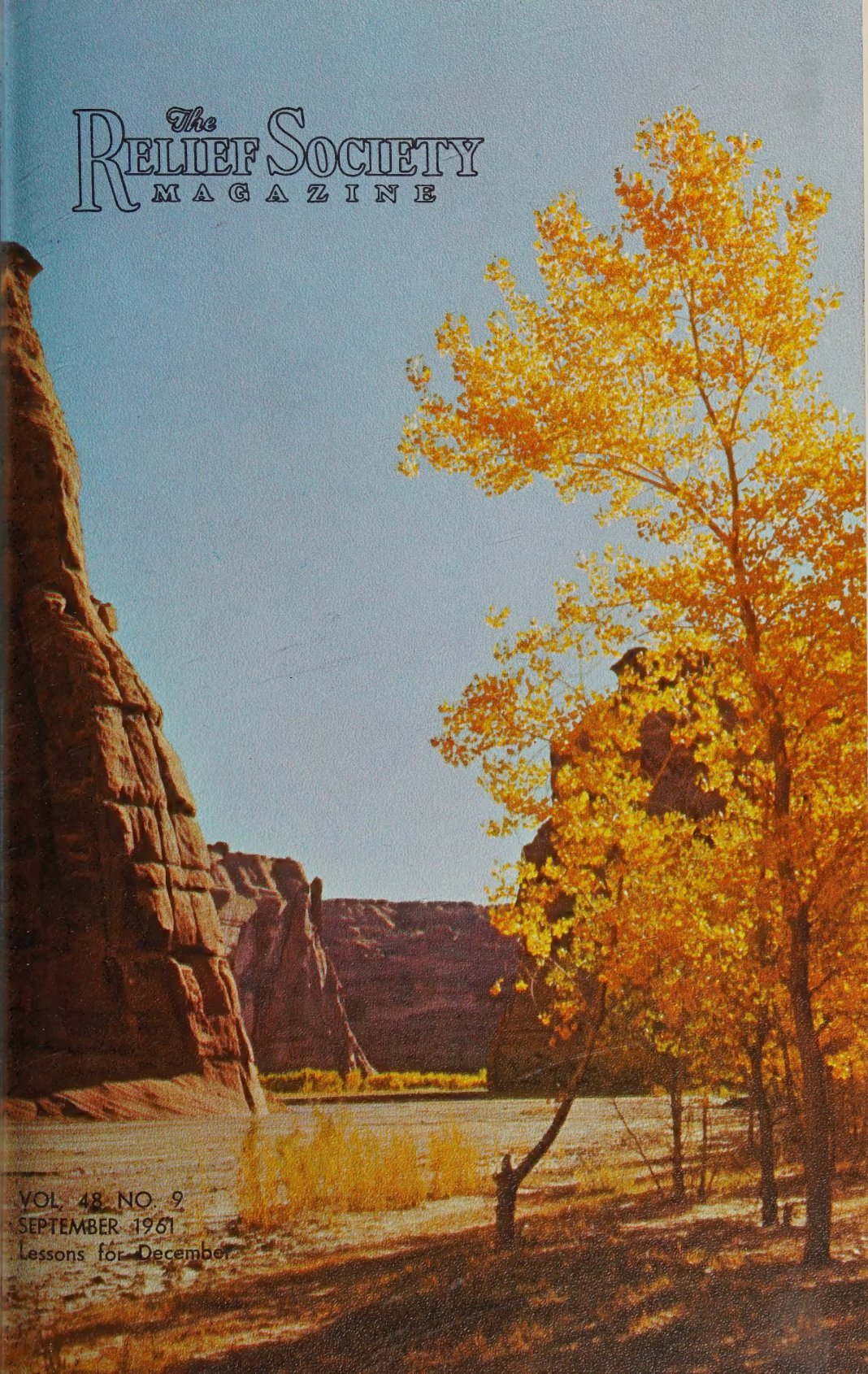

VOL. 48 NO. 9
SEPTEMBER 1961
Lessons for December

His Is the Glory

Lela Foster Morris

Fading splendor of the sinking sun,
Purple dusk, and the pale moon declare his glory,
Grandeur of all the earth and sky is his,
Mauve clouds at dawn, earth-scented winds that blow
Fleets of white sails adrift in boundless blue;
The distant snow-capped range in veils of mist,
Deep-toned, rolling echo of the mountain storm,
And the thunder of mighty waters in the plunging cataract.

He is omnipotence and infinite wisdom,
Yet love is manifest in all his work.
He showers refreshing rain and sunshine on the land,
On rippling fields of grain and teeming orchards,
On gently sloping hills with carpeting of flowers.
The valleys of the earth are abundant and rich in his bounty.

What wonders he has brought forth, great and small,
The vast curtains of the night are shining with his jewels,
And in the morning rainbow-tinted dewdrops
Are fragile gems shimmering on the wild rose.

Gentle are his melodies; song of the south wind in the pines,
Whispering raindrops on the cabin roof,
Sparkling notes of the meadow lark, sweet and wild,
Happy laughter of a child. All beauty is his.

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From Near and Far

I was quite thrilled with the article "Reminiscing" by Camilla Eyring Kimball in the July issue of the *Magazine*. I, too, lived in those good old days, and it brought back many memories. This was my life all over again. My mother was the daughter of a pioneer family, Aroet L. Hale of Grantsville, Utah. She passed to the great beyond in Emmett, Idaho, in 1942.

—Joseph W. Hunter
Redding, California

I appreciate the lovely thought of receiving a year's subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* through the goodness of Mrs. Grace Jones, Henefer, Utah. To date, I have received three copies and find the reading matter very good and interesting, including the recipes. The *Magazine* covers are really beautiful — in fact, they would be ideal for framing. I am not a member of your lovely Church, but, in all sincerity, you have wonderful members who attend it. Thank you for a really lovely *Magazine*.

—Mrs. M. Noonan
Brisbane, Australia

Just recently being converted to this wonderful faith, I enjoy Relief Society, also the *Magazine*. The covers are so colorful and the contents very interesting. The lessons on theology, visiting teaching, home nursing, literature, are all educational. We look forward to trying the cooking recipes.

—Helen M. Parker
728 Seward Avenue
East Liverpool, Ohio

I would like to say how very much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is my favorite *Magazine* and very helpful and inspirational. I especially enjoyed the poems and the story from the contest in the January issue.

—Mrs. Gwendolyn Jacobson
Elsinore, Utah

The July issue of the *Magazine* is a splendid one. The stories and poems are fine, and the article "Reminiscing" by Camilla Eyring Kimball was read with enjoyment. The editorial "The Ripening of the Wheat" [Vesta P. Crawford] held a special interest for me, as the early years of my married life were spent on a dry farm, where wheat was all important. We knew the anxiety of watching, hoping, praying for a crop. We have thrilled with joy as the tiny green blades first appeared. We know the gratitude felt as the grain developed and the heads bowed with their precious weight. We, too, have known pride and gratitude that the wheat made possible college degrees for our children.

—Maude O. Cook
Tremonton, Utah

Today I received the *Magazine* for July, and I was delighted with it. I found time to view all of the illustrations and to read the descriptive matter of each. I consider it a privilege and an honor, and I do appreciate receiving such a lovely *Magazine*, with an outstanding cover, short stories, lessons, recipes, and poetry. They are all such a help to me, and I do enjoy them all.

—Amy B. DeLoney
Manteca, California

Just a note from a man for a change. Recently I spent a happy afternoon reading the July issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* from cover to cover. As a husband and father, I am grateful for the ideals taught the women and girls in the Church through this *Magazine*. The stories, contrary to popular literature, movies, etc., place the correct values of love, self-sacrifice, and service above the passions of greed, violence, anger, and personal ambition. Thank you for the inspiration and moral armor you furnish us men, especially through building virtuous, kind, and unselfish women for us to try to be worthy of, both as husbands and as fathers.

—David G. Berbert
Ventura, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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VOL. 48 SEPTEMBER 1961 NO. 9

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

President and Prophet — Birthday Congratulations to President David O. McKay ..... Vesta P. Crawford 573
Shall We Sing? ..... Florence Jepperson Madsen 574
The Key to Compatible Color Schemes Is Careful Selection ..... Marian Cornwall 581

FICTION

Living Off the Road ..... Frances C. Yost 577
The Intruders ..... Betty Lou Martin 595
A Parable for Polly ..... Maude Proctor 604
A Story to Tell ..... Harriet DeSpain 607
Because of the Word — Chapter 2 ..... Hazel M. Thomson 611

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 570
Sixty Years Ago 586
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 587
Editorial: Prudent Living ..... Marianne C. Sharp 588
Notes to the Field: The Annual General Relief Society Conference 590
Extra Copies of 1960 **Relief Society Magazines** Available for Binding 590
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 615
Birthday Congratulations 640

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Let's Learn to Quilt ..... Holly B. Keddington 591
Casseroles ..... Mabel Harmer 600
A Golden, Golden Wedding Day ..... Linnie Fisher Robinson 603
Margaret Ann Meng Makes Unique Hexagonal Rugs 610
Honesty, by Pauline M. Bell, 585; Gracious Acceptance, by Nancy M. Armstrong, 589; Fruit Salad, by Edna Lind Cole, 601; A Change of Pace, by Janet W. Breeze, 604; The Message, by Marion Ellison, 610; Weed Seeds, by Celia Luce, 637; The One-Room Schoolhouse, by Alice R. Rich, 638.

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

Theology — "Be Not Deceived" ..... Roy W. Doxey 622
Visiting Teacher Messages — "Remember in All Things the Poor and the Needy" ..... Christine H. Robinson 628
Work Meeting — Being a Good Neighbor ..... Elaine Anderson Cannon 629
Literature — Whittier, Lover of New England ..... Briant S. Jacobs 631

POETRY

His Is the Glory — Frontispiece ..... Lela Foster Morris 569
Golden Days, by Annie Atkin Tanner, 580; After the Storm, by Dorothy J. Roberts, 585; I Heard a Mother Singing, by Illa Mae Richardson, 589; The Forming Fruit, by Marjorie B. Newton, 594; Futility, by Iris W. Schow, 599; Copied Handiwork, by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 606; Autumn Noon, by Maude Rubin, 602; Sound in the Valley, by Hazel Loomis, 606; Pathways, by Leslie Savage Clark, 609; Wind-Lightened Bough, by Mabel Law Atkinson, 636; Nocturne, by Elsie McKinnon Strachan, 636; On the Stair, by Mabel Jones Gabbott, 637; Autumn, by Vesta N. Fairbairn, 638; Youth Was a Shield, by Christie Lund Coles, 639.

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PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

President and Prophet

(To President David O. McKay on His Eighty-Eighth Birthday)

September 8, 1961

" . . . to proclaim the everlasting gospel, by the Spirit of the living God, from people to people, and from land to land . . . whose mission is appointed unto them to go forth" (D & C 68:1-2).

I saw him walk toward the temple on a morning
Green with summer, the gray spires rifted
On the blue air, and the valley, circled by mountains,
Lovely as a promised garden in the wilderness.

And I thought of our rejoicing that this prophet
Lives among us, and that multitudes have heard
His voice lifted in truth and testament,
Proclaiming the restoration and the ancient word.

How far he has traveled in journeys abroad,
Bringing to remembrance the faithful among men —
In distant latitudes and islands of the sea,
Testifying of the record brought to earth again.

His words shall be treasured up in years to come,
And in this hour we speak our gratitude and praise
Of him anointed as the mouthpiece for our Lord —
Giving the long and fruitful seasons of his days

And counseling the youthful ones who yet shall go
In later times unto the lands that still await
The fulness of the everlasting gospel —
The trumpet sound of those who make the pathway straight.

—Vesta P. Crawford

Shall We Sing?

Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

WHEN and where did you first hear these words, "Shall we sing?" Think back, if you will, to your early childhood days. Was it in Primary, in Religion Class, or in an elementary Sunday School class? Wherever it was, do you remember how eagerly all the children responded with a positive and animated "Yes." Then, immediately, followed a flood of suggested songs, and soon all were happily singing a favorite one.

We are born with certain talents, traits, and inclinations which should be recognized in early life and appreciated, guided, and trained. Of these, singing, dancing, speaking, and drawing are among the first to be manifested. In childhood these talents are expressed spontaneously, with simplicity, and without apparent anxiety, self-consciousness, or restraint.

In adult life, often, similar urges to express talents are felt, but, because of seeming limitations, or environmental restrictions, they are frequently ignored or stifled. The inhibitions we sometimes accept are merely imaginary; even so, they tend to limit and retard progress. Therefore, we should quickly rid ourselves of these, and in their stead reach out and grasp every possible opportunity that affords outlets for self-expression and development of talents. Congregational singing, ensemble playing, oratory, choir and choral singing, and private instruction in the arts are excellent outlets for this purpose.

There is one sure means to the fullest joy of music — participation. Great happiness may come to those who only listen, but, to people who can also perform, a new and greater world is revealed. Through activity in music, through first-hand experience, comes a deeper penetration in listening . . . (Eric Clarke: *Music in Everyday Life*).

We should always continue to draw from our store of uncultivated talents those which, with development, will bring the most enrichment to our lives. This naturally requires a strong personal desire to achieve, a willingness to work, to study, to increase in self-confidence, perseverance, patience, and to grow in implicit faith. If such a program as this were adopted and followed we would eventually hear fewer expressions such as: "I have no talent," "I can't even draw a straight line," "I have no voice," "I can't sing."

Singing dates back to the creation of the earth. We read in Job 38:4, 7:

Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? . . . When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

And evidently it was a custom of the Savior and his disciples to unite in singing, for, on the occasion of their last sacrament together, they sang:

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives (Mark 14:26).

CONGREGATIONAL singing is the foundation of choral singing. It is not so unlike the spontaneous group singing that has, through our youthful years, been a delightful part of social gatherings, home evenings, and outings. However, congregational singing is done in a formal meeting where people gather for the sole purpose of worshiping the Lord and of being instructed. Thus, the particular songs for congregations to sing are the hymns, the texts of which are appropriate for the occasion, and which will inspire reverence and devotional response from the audience.

Regardless of age, quality of voice, or how inexperienced the singer, the hymns are of such a nature that they can easily be learned and sung by the entire congregation. This conclusion is substantiated by George P. Upton in his book, *Woman in Music*:

> One need not think of singing only through the professional channel, but think of it also as a medium of expression that belongs to everybody. The human voice is the greatest musical instrument known to man and is a gift from God. Its cultivation both in speech and song should ever be the urgent desire of every human being.

Many benefits are derived from congregational singing. Faith and testimonies are strengthened, and valuable truths and philosophies are learned.

President Heber J. Grant in his book *Gospel Standards*, wrote:

> I am confident that the hymns of Zion, when sung with the proper spirit, bring a peaceful and heavenly influence into our homes, and also aid in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.
>
> . . . Sing with the Spirit of God. Love the words that you sing.

In hymns we have the words of inspired writers combined with music that enhances and amplifies the word messages. They can be sung repeatedly without ever losing their meaning and vitality.

In many churches throughout Christendom the hymns are sung in unison. The music is written in very moderate keys, which makes it possible for both high and low voices to sing the melody with ease. When there is no choir nor choir conductor in attendance, the singing is led by the vigorous accompaniment of the organ.

In Latter-day Saint congregations the hymns are regularly conducted and are generally sung in parts. The reason for this is perhaps twofold: First of all, many of our hymn-tunes are written in keys too high for low voices to sing the melody line, and secondly, there is a natural inclination for singers to add the harmony parts to enrich the melody. Through this arrangement the altos and basses can sing the parts best suited to their voices. The part-singing of a congregation of mixed voices is choral-like and is interesting and satisfying.

CONGREGATIONAL singing in the Relief Society organizations, especially in the small ones, tends more towards unison singing, with occasional notes added by an alto voice. The larger organizations sing hymns in two and often three-part harmony. The songs in the back of the hymn book, arranged for three-part women's voices, are very beautiful and effective when sung either by a small or a large group.

Congregational singing occupies an important place in Relief Society. It is an activity in which all the sisters can participate and experience a feeling of friendliness and devotion. The singing of a hymn creates a spiritual atmosphere for that which is to follow. In the words of the Psalmist:

> Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation (Psalm 111:1).

As has also been said, the hymns are sermons; they inspire faith and courage; they point the way to a better and more useful life. The hymns stimulate love, harmony, and peace. They are a means of communication with our Heavenly Father. This is implied in the following revelation:

> For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (D & C 25:12).

From the yearly list of hymns suggested by the Church Music Committee new ones are to be learned. Time for the practice of these hymns is scheduled for the literature and social science meetings. Although the allotted time for each practice is but ten minutes, still, if careful planning is done in advance, much can be accomplished and enjoyed even in this short period.

Now that the year's work of Relief Society is about to begin, the music leaders should formulate their program of activities and be prepared for the work of the season.

A few suggestions for the planning and preparation for this phase of the program are here listed. The conductor and accompanist should practice together and learn hymns thoroughly before presenting them.

1. Have hymn books already in hands of sisters.
2. When possible, write page of practice hymn in advance on blackboard.
3. If page has to be announced, do it quickly and loud enough to be easily heard.
4. Conduct with baton and use correct and vitalized baton patterns.
5. Introduce new hymn by playing it through with ample volume and in right tempo.
6. Spend no time playing a familiar hymn through.
7. Give kernel thought of word message.
8. Learn to play hymns in lower keys, when needed.
9. Encourage all sisters to join in singing the hymns.
10. Approach the hymn practice with faith and humility, unafraid, and with a spirit of enthusiasm and happiness.

WOMEN, being refined and spiritual by nature, have within their souls an appreciation and love for music, whether or not it has ever found expression. They also possess the talent of word interpretation. Again, we are drawn to the words of George P. Upton:

> It only remains, in tracing the influence of woman upon music, to consider her as its interpreter, mainly through the medium of the voice. . . . All the elements which woman has in her nature — love, pathos, passion, poetry, and religion — combine to perfect her song, and give fitting expression to the ideas of the masters.

Shall we sing? Let the affirmative answer to this question ring in clear, vibrant tones throughout the years, and may we ever echo these words with David the Psalmist: "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being (Psalm 104:33).

Living Off the Road

Frances C. Yost

MARJORIE Sorenson peered out of her window, and let her eyes follow along the little old lane that led from their home to the country road. She gritted her teeth, and for the umpteenth time wished that their house was situated on the road. Why couldn't the people who built the house have put it where it should be? The Daytons, across the way, were lucky. Their house was situated on the road.

It was inconvenient to live off the road. In the spring and fall the lane was mired with mud. Sometimes callers walked down the lane rather than take the risk of getting stuck. And the ruts that followed a rainstorm were little Grand Canyons. Then in the summer the dust from the lane was something again. It reminded Marjorie of the sands of the Sahara Desert. Winter was the worst season of all. Drifts piled high, and they were snowed in frequently, until the snowplow came to their rescue. Sometimes they had to use the one-horse open sleigh, that was kept for that very purpose. Others, traveling in cars, would pass them in the winter, and wave and smile. Not only was it inconvenient, Marjorie thought, but it was downright embarrassing.

Marjorie looked over at the Dayton house and made a mental comparison. The Dayton yard wasn't nearly as well-kept. Pete, she had to admit, was good about mowing the lawn every five days. And, with modesty she admitted, too, that her flowerbed arrangements were prettier than those of the Daytons. Both houses could stand a new coat of paint, that was for sure. The Dayton house wasn't nearly as roomy, nor did it have the possibilities of remodeling that hers and Pete's house had. But even so she would trade houses square across any day of the year. For only one reason — the Dayton house was on the road, where a house belonged.

Marjorie shut her eyelids tightly to block out the picture of that little lane she hated. Memory swept over Marjorie and carried her to the very day Pete had brought her here as a bride. They had come in on the train early in the morning. Pete had gone East to get her after her year of teaching school was completed.

Pete had written and told her a lot about the house they would share. It was big and roomy, he said. He told how the cottonwoods reared themselves in gnarled splendor, and the breeze spoke sibilantly in their shimmering leaves. He had told her how the upstairs hall was dim and shadowy and sort of musty with unuse. Yes, Pete had been honest about the house. But Marjorie, listening, had painted her own picture from his words, and the picture was more beautiful than the actual home. As she listened to him, she had thought how beautiful and full of trembling promise her life would be. But, even so, she could overlook all disappointment about the farm home, if Pete had

prepared her for the worst — living off the road. He had failed to mention the little old lane that led up to the house.

THAT first day Pete took Marjorie through the entire house, upstairs to all the empty bedrooms waiting to be filled with a growing family, and down to the basement waiting for jars of fruits, vegetables, and pickles. She could remember his very words:

"It's not a palace with alabaster halls and velvet tapestry, but with you here, it will be home, and very, very beautiful."

Beautiful, was just what Marjorie intended to make it, a home they would cherish. The first thing that had to be done was to get the house moved out to the road. It would be like moving a mountain, and she would have to have the faith the size of a mustard seed, but it could be done if she could only move Pete to move the house. She had decided she might as well bring it up that very morning at the breakfast table.

"Pete . . ." Marjorie had smiled a conniving smile, one that should melt even the hardest man. "Pete, if you had a couple of neighbors bring their tractors, and if you acquired some big poles from the telephone company or someplace, and if you hoisted the house on rollers, why it just wouldn't be any trick at all to haul the house out to the road." Marjorie smiled again, the kind of smile that should nudge his heart.

Pete looked up from his scrambled eggs and sausage. Even when he was sitting, Pete was tall and bony. His eyes were warm, though, and kind. His eyes were warm when he answered her, but his mouth had a straight-lipped appearance. She hadn't realized it before, but now she knew Pete was a slow, stubborn man. It might even take faith the size of three mustard seeds to move Pete to move the house. What was he saying?

"Marjorie, this house would fall to pieces if we tried to move it. If it stays where it was built on this fine foundation, it will be here to welcome our great-grandchildren. Does it bother you so much, living off the road?"

"Yes, it does bother me, Pete. It is not only an inconvenience, but it is downright embarrassing."

"Perhaps you get embarrassed about the wrong things." Pete finished his breakfast and put on his hat to leave for the fields. As he closed the door quietly he said: "So long, Marj."

Marjorie rushed to the door, opened it briskly and shouted: "And don't call me Marj!"

"Okeh, Marj." Pete started whistling.

Marjorie shut the door, this time less briskly. She dropped into a chair and sighed. It was as if the bleakness of November had crowded summer right out of the room.

MARJORIE and Pete didn't mention the fact that she hated living off the road after that, but it was warp and woof of their days. Sometimes it seemed that the very location of the house made them sit opposite each other as stones.

Time passed, and with the family coming along, the rooms, one by one, were used, even before Marjorie was able to redecorate them. Yes, the house was roomy, and it

was well built and warm, and they were comfortable. Marjorie admitted she was thankful and contented, but she wasn't satisfied, and never would be as long as she lived off the road.

Then one day, like a bolt of lightning, a bolt of lightning hit the big red barn. Before anything could be done about putting the fire out, the barn was nothing but a black mass of ashes. People came from far and wide to see the damage and express their regrets. Marjorie thanked them for their interest, but deep in her heart she was glad. Surely this losing the barn was a blessing in disguise. This was the chance she had waited for. What was Pete saying?

"Marj, guess we'll just have to build a new barn. The horses and cows and sheep have to have a place away from the cold before winter sets in. Should we build of cinder brick?"

"Pete," Marjorie used the sweetest of smiles. "Pete, what do you think of using the cinder brick to build a house out on the road, and using this big old house for a barn?"

"Marj, I'd like nothing better than to build you the dream home you desire out on the road, but this house would never make a barn." Pete sometimes blundered, but he could also speak from the heart more winningly than anyone. He continued, "The horses and cows would go through the floor the first thing. It just isn't barn material, and that's that."

And that was that. Marjorie knew Pete was right, much as she hated to admit it. Marjorie thought of the faith she had exercised through the years to no avail. She had made a herculean struggle, and all for naught. She sighed. "I guess I better put on the potatoes for supper."

As the years passed, Marjorie learned to tip the scale of value in life, shape her outlook, define her goals. There were lots more important things, she realized, as the years went by, than where the house stood. It wasn't the situation of a house that made it a home. It was how the people lived within its walls; the affection they manifested for each other; the manners they developed; the knowledge they acquired to fit them for life; and the love they stored in their hearts. She had a family to rear, and an example to set, and what if the house was back from the road?

THEN one day Pete walked through the door. His shoulders were a little higher and a smile wanting to burst through, for everything about him was electric. Marjorie knew he had something exciting to tell her, but it wasn't Pete's way to burst forth wih anything in a hurry.

Sweat beaded his face, or was it excitement showing through? How long would she have to wait? Marjorie had learned patience through the years.

"Marj."

Long ago she had stopped objecting to her beautiful name being chopped off short, for the way Pete laid out the four letters was like jewels encased with love.

"Marj." He repeated her name reverently, as if he were in church.

"Yes, Pete."

"Darndest thing happened today. A fellow came through from the

Federal Roads Commission. They're going to run a Federal highway through here. They wanted this nick of land where the lane is. They offered me a nice price. Fact is, it wasn't an offer. They take the land, pay for it, and it's a matter of take it or leave it, as far as the money goes. Well, I took it . . . so . . . the Federal highway will run right past our house! Work begins immediately."

Marjorie's mouth popped open. Perhaps later it would shut, and she would be able to open it again and shout with joy. Right now, it just wanted to gape with astonishment. What was Pete saying?

"Marj, I figure that we can use the money to remodel the house the way you've always wanted. You haven't had a chance to put that interior decorator taste of yours to work before. Looks as if you can start anytime now."

Pete leaned to kiss her. A surge of the old excitement she used to feel at his touch rose in her veins. She couldn't remember of ever being happy in just this way before!

Golden Days

Annie Atkin Tanner

These are the golden days,
With stubble standing in the resting fields,
Which earlier were filled with weighted sheaves.
It is the time when nature's golden banners
Sway gently on the silver aspen trees.

These are the golden days,
When golden sunsets light the evening sky,
And goldenrods push proudly up through minted lane,
Where only yesterday wild roses bloomed,
And washed pink faces in the May-day rain.

These are the mellow days,
When sunflowers wave a last farewell
To travelers along the homeward highway,
And black-eyed Susans lean their pretty heads,
On fences old and gray.

These are the golden days,
When night comes early and the harvest moon
Beams down on happy children playing.
It is the time when stars along the Milky Way
Seem brighter as earth whispers,
"These are the golden days."

The Key to Compatible Color Schemes Is Careful Selection

Marian Cornwall

PICTURE in your mind's eye the atmosphere of these colors — cool, calm, restful grotto blue, emerald green, iceberg blue; warm, vivid, exciting hot pink, firehouse red, wild poppy, "vistaful" canyon beige, horizon blue, Mediterranean pink, Nile green; fragrant spice brown; regal royal blue, and purple — beautiful colors surrounding us! And today we can capture the delight of color in our homes. Intense true color need not fade. Delicate, fragile tints are scrubbable. Colors that harmonize are readily available because manufacturers coordinate their colors and give us a wide variety of choice. But herein lies the key to the magic ingredient that makes your home individually yours. *That key is selection.*

Many suggestions and ideas, even formulas for color schemes, are evident from time to time, and all have some merit. Often, however, strict adherence to any mechanized scheme or the following too closely of any current trend results in a "packaged" look, lacking in individuality.

Currently popular is the trend toward beige carpet, off-white walls, off-white textured draperies, and walnut Scandinavian furniture with bright-colored upholstery. Accessories are often sake cups or colored glass with splashes of abstract art on the walls. This formula is very attractive, but is becoming so common that everyone's decorating scheme looks alike.

A few years back the scheme that became common was the Sherwood green wall, the rose-colored sculptured leaf pattern carpet, beautiful printed floral drapery, and the Matelassé covered sofa. Each one of these individual items in the two schemes listed above is good in and of itself and in other combinations than those mentioned above. Certainly, Scandinavian walnut furniture is here to stay and has a place in a variety of modern settings. There was surely nothing wrong with the pale yellow nylon Matelassé that I saw the other day, although it was not accompanied by the usual leaf pattern carpet and floral drapery. Most of the furnishings available on the market today can be and are used — but must be used with discretion and imagination.

DO not abandon the old, simply because the new is different. Remember that today's designers are trying to contribute ideas to solve basic functions, and the resulting design may be appropriate to your taste, but again it may not. Have you, for instance, in the last few years, looked for a lamp table? Most of the contemporary tables you will see will be very low because the arms of most modern chairs are

Miss Cornwall planned the decorating of the Relief Society Building and selected the furnishings and appointments.

low, and the lamps used today are very tall. Therefore, the function of reading by good light is accomplished in a pleasing way, but remember, it is only *one* way. It is still very correct to have higher tables and not-so-tall lamps.

How, then, with constantly changing trends and varying popularity of colors, can we do what is best for our individual homes? Your taste in color will vary from time to time, and, fortunately in this day and age, we can do parts of rooms over easily. A new paint color will change the appearance of a room completely and even contribute to a current trend. A TV room that has a lime green carpet, a coral sofa, lime green draperies, and mahogany furniture will seem completely revitalized when the brown walls are painted white. A dining room having a rose-colored carpet, upholstery in olive green, with olive green wallpaper, scarcely seems the same room with pale pink walls and rose-red upholstery.

When selecting a color, remember to take into consideration the color in a variety of textures such as wood, brick, stone, or other building materials. These are definitely part of the over-all effect of a color scheme. Visualize in your mind a situation involving a pink kitchen with natural wood cabinets. If the wood tone is on the orange side, use a pink with a peach tone with it. But, if you wish to use a truer pink, then the effect is better if a brown-toned wood finish or a light, bleached finish is used.

Balance, or amounts of different colors to be used, is an important factor in achieving a harmonious effect.

WE'VE had a few hints — now let us develop the plan with some suggestions as we walk (still in our mind's eye) from room to room of our composite house.

Your front door. Through this portal pass the most important people in the world — your family, your friends. A front door should be handsome. Whether painted white, red, or stained in a wood tone — make it look right.

An entry is a fortunate architectural feature. If your house has one, make it warm and inviting. Make it reflect the charm and mood of the rest of the house. A nicely framed mirror generally looks good and is a fine accessory to have in the foyer because of its functional use. Some handsome framed pictures or wall hangings will immediately carry your taste and cultured interests. Select them for reasons of worth as well as size and color.

Your living room should be just that — a room that provides good living. There should be comfort as well as aesthetic appeal. There should be deep lounge chairs where a good book can be read, and there should be higher "easy to get out of" chairs for those who need that consideration. A way of life should be discernible, as well as a taste in furnishings. One's own innate ability may determine this taste, or it may be determined by the knowledge one picks up from travel, cultural environment, or study and observation. Many means are available whereby improvement in ultimate taste can be developed. Professional help should serve to develop characteristics and person-

ality, individual expressions and desires, and these should be discernible. Talents or hobbies may effectively be in evidence.

A living room color scheme should be put together by using colors you like, the selection schooled by the knowledge of what would be best after taking into consideration the room's exposure to sunlight, its architecture, size, period of furnishings, and the personal appeal of things that are available to you. Large areas of warm, vibrant colors — reds, pinks, oranges — may become too intense if used in sunny rooms. Turquoise, blue, and green in large areas may be too cool in a room that never sees the sun. Pastels make a room seem larger. Dark colors make a room more cozy.

Rooms with a strong, traditional architecture are most effective if treated in a manner that acknowledges an appropriate usage of color to the architectural period. Every era when a style of furniture was developed had its own color palette. It seems best to plan within this area. Visualize 18th Century mahogany furniture and fabrics of a silken texture in colors of sage or celadon green, salmon pink, pale grayed-blue, and light ivory. This is representative of the 18th Century period.

Early American furniture in maple, on the other hand, can best be expressed by brown, orange-rust, gold, and olive green. Departures from traditional usage in color and variations that are sometimes exquisitely startling are not usually well-executed by the novice. A great deal of "know-how" should be obtained in order to create these pleasing exceptions. It is this increasing ability on the part of the homeowner, gained by an intellectual awareness, that is making our homes as delightfully individual as they are. Study in this field would cover color in all phases, as well as art principles such as line, form, pattern, texture, proportion, scale, balance, and light. Remember — *taste is based on knowledge!*

Dining areas, if part of the living room, can be decorated as extensions of the living room scheme, thereby giving the effect of spaciousness. When the area is separated either by walls or a room divider, then the dining room becomes a lovely place for accent color. A living room with a gold carpet, amber white walls, and emerald green upholstery on two chairs makes a lovely transition to a dining room with the same gold carpet, pale clear yellow walls, a fresh yellow and white print for upholstery colors and drapery, a tier table or planter filled with green plants, and an Italian white iron light fixture. This color scheme would work equally well with contemporary walnut furniture, French Provincial fruitwood, or 18th Century mahogany. The color scheme described is monochromatic, with green as an accent color. An analogous scheme might have the dining room done with the same gold carpet, pale yellow leaf-green walls, and grass-green velvet upholstery. A complimentary color scheme might have the same gold carpet and amber white walls, with drapery and upholstery in purple and white stripe. The light fixture might be brass with amethyst crystal pendants.

THE criterion in a kitchen is to have efficiency which results from careful planning. Many studies in research have been conducted and the findings printed time and again which tell us where appliances and work counters and storage areas should be in relationship to each other, and careful regard to these suggestions will save countless steps and conserve energy. Beyond adherence to these factors, the kitchen may be made to look like anything you desire. It may be clinical in its appearance, or it may be a cozy second living room, with easy chairs, carpet, and TV. It may have wood cabinets, metal cabinets, or a combination of both. It may incorporate any kind of color palette — white, pale tints, or strong hues. It may have an "out of sight" storage for all accessories, or it may charmingly display containers on the counters or on open shelves for handy use. Think your problem through. Solve your needs efficiently and introduce your own personality. I once saw a second sink introduced in a kitchen, with an area for flower arranging, and the sink had the most interesting and attractive old brass spigot. Above the sink, was a shelf hung with brass chains where beautiful flower containers were displayed when not in use.

A bedroom can be large, small, modern, traditional; it may be a sleeping room, a dressing room, a second living room, a hobby room. These elements are for you to decide. Again, think! Something other than a typical bedroom suite of furniture may be best for the room. Use the same careful thought in selecting fabrics. A bedspread might be made of upholstery material and would be most attractive and serviceable in a blue-green color combination. Or consider the pink, red, orange color range, or beige, ochre, and black blend. On the other hand, there are embroidered organdies or delicate eyelet fabrics, and the many, many lovely textures — smooth and nubby — practical, and not so practical, that run the gamut in between.

An extra dividend in the decoration of a bedroom would be to use some idea to express a mood or theme in addition to that of a pleasing color scheme. Consider the effect of a quaint "Grandma Moses" type room with poster bed, primitive (pure hues) colors, bandbox striped paper, needletuft rug or carpet, and appropriate pictures. Or consider a bedroom created to have an Hawaiian lanai effect. A low, large bed with no headboard but many cushions of bright color, bamboo or rattan furniture, wicker lamp shades, cool colors, leaf prints — all give the "island" feeling.

An "Empire Campaign" inspired room creates an entirely different effect with bold striped wallpaper in colors of cinnamon, white, and black, and awning spears of black iron holding up a canopy of white-fringed black felt over the windows. The furniture would be ebony-stained and the carpet sand colored. A "Campaign" chair of brass with black leather would contrast with the cinnamon-colored bedspread. The imagination can run rampant with one idea after another. These ideas can be translated into something feasible and pleasing to all

occupants of the room.

There are many other rooms of the house not mentioned specifically — family rooms, recreation rooms, children's rooms, bathrooms. To develop unusual color schemes in these rooms proceed in the same way as in the rooms mentioned. Find out everything that is available to you in the way of furnishings and ideas, and then determine what is best for you.

We have walked through the house — our imaginary house — and given it a brief analysis. We can see how interest is developed in each room. We hope there will be consistency and good transition in the scheme. Now I trust you are honestly thinking of color on your own terms — with your own interests and preferences in mind. This is a colorful world we live in. Have courage and go ahead. Good luck!

After the Storm

Dorothy J. Roberts

Not in a tempest will the seed rise,
The blossom soar.
Not in the stinging lash of hurricane
Will a green sword strike
Against the earth's dark tomb. No bayonet
Of tears shall wound
The side of winter-grief and spring appear.
Oh, not while these
Prepare the field, strengthen the storm-bent heart,
Shall buds unfurl
And sustenance be fraught on the air. . . .
But I recall
No spring has ever failed, nor fall refused
The patient vine,
The seed deluged, the green blade's patient thrust
After the storm.

Honesty

HONESTY with oneself is the first step in progress. Desire to progress is the first step to wisdom. Righteousness begins in small things, made more perfect by constant striving. —Pauline M. Bell

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FROM THE SOCIETY ISLANDS: There is a grandeur in the sound of the sea which seems to soothe the soul when some one would intrude. It bears witness of the Creator's works. . . . This morning I rose before the day dawned and went to walk upon the beach. The moon was shining with the most resplendent brightness. There was the very stillness of death around me. All the dwellings were fast locked in slumber, the tide had just receded far on the reef, scarcely a breeze to be felt. The atmosphere was calm as the sweet breath of autumn, but, oh, so solemn! I gazed over the mighty ocean towards that land so far away. . . . I felt that secret prayer was . . . congenial to . . . that little world in the midst of the mighty ocean. I revolved in my mind the self-denial of my whole life, and said, "If my Heavenly Father is pleased with the little good I have done, all my sorrows will be forgotten."

—Mrs. Addison Pratt

DAYS AND DEEDS THAT LIVE

We might make others free
Of grief, if we would speak,
And whisper something joyous
Unto the sad, the weak;
The heart oft grows aweary,
Is ready nigh to break,
Yet we withhold a blessing,
Some soul would gladly take. . . .

—Zina Elizabeth Walker

WOMAN POSTMASTER: Senorita Ysabel Maria De Los Rica is the first woman postmaster in Cuba. She now holds a commission to handle the mail at Gibra.

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCES: President Jane S. Richards, accompanied by Sister Emily S. Richards, attended the Relief Society conference at Pleasant Grove. . . . Sisters Lydia D. Alder and Harriet Ann Badger went to Deseret to attend the Relief Society conference of Millard Stake. . . . President M. I. Horne and Sister Elizabeth J. Stevenson attended the Bear Lake Stake Relief Society conference, and other meetings in that locality. . . .

—News Note

KENTUCKY VISITORS ENTERTAINED: The visit of Kentucky editors with their friends, including wives, sisters, daughters, cousins and aunts, was a very pleasant affair. The genial and courteous Southern woman is always greatly appreciated in the West. . . . Everything that the Utah press could do to add to the enjoyment of the "thoroughbred" Kentuckians was arranged for, a reception at the Kenyon, recital at the Tabernacle, trip to Saltair, were among the enjoyable features.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JUDGE LORNA LOCKWOOD, born of a pioneer family in Douglas, Arizona, was recently National Affairs Chairman, and was later elected State Supreme Court Justice in Arizona. She is the first woman in the United States to be elected to a State's highest court. She is also the first woman to receive the University of Arizona's annual Alumni Achievement Award. Judge Lockwood is deeply beloved for her ability, her incorruptibility, and her great concern for the welfare of citizens, especially children.

THE charming wife of Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda accompanied her husband on his recent diplomatic visit to Washington, D.C., thus creating a precedent. Traditionally, traveling Japanese political leaders leave their wives at home. President and Mrs. Kennedy, ex-President and Mrs. Eisenhower, and Prime Minister and Mrs. Ikeda lunched together at the White House.

DR. ALICE MARION ROBERTSON, well-known American cellist and member of the Music Department of the University of Utah, is one of forty-three cellists from twelve countries who have been accepted as competitors in the Third Pablo Casals International Cello Competition to be held in Israel in September 1961. As a "performing student," in the Casals Master Class held in Berkeley, California, last year, Miss Robertson appeared on the twenty-six lesson series presented on television. She is the daughter of Dr. Leroy J. Robertson, eminent composer.

MRS. EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD, a Latter-day Saint and frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, recently received a signal honor from *The Lyric*, America's oldest independently printed "little" all-poetry magazine. At its fortieth-birthday celebration, the periodical presented to twenty American poets, among them, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, a citation for "serving the cause of traditional poetry long and well." On the list were such famous names as Margaret Widdemer and Jean Starr Untermeyer.

RUTH ST. DENIS, known as "the First Lady of the American Dance," is still interested and active in her profession at the age of eighty-four. She still composes dance routines, teaches, lectures, and in July 1961, performed at the Jacob's Pillar Dance Festival, which was founded by her husband Ted Shawn.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 SEPTEMBER 1961 NO. 9

Prudent Living

"The prudent man looketh well to his going" (Proverbs 14:15).

A wise mother trains her children not only in household arts and how to work, but she also teaches them to be prudent in the value of money and how to husband available resources.

An example is recalled of a family who were traveling across the American Continent on a vacation. Both parents belonged to families having wealth for some generations, and they had been taught to be prudent. One was impressed by the adult behavior of the children — four boys and a girl. As one visited with them one found that the trip was not only for pleasure but also for training the children. Each child had his particular assignment. The oldest boy saw that the car was serviced and kept track of the expense. The second boy dusted the outside of the car each night; the third cleaned the inside of the car; the fourth saw that the bags were carried in the motels and packed back in the car each day; the daughter was responsible for seeing that nothing was left behind anywhere. They made up a happy family, learning to evaluate the work they were doing and growing closer as they served each other.

The attitude and actions of a Latter-day Saint mother are prime influences in the lives of her children. If a mother strives for the newest car, the newest appliances, and a house in a new neighborhood, she is placing her values on the newest and latest. It tends to make children expect the newest in their world and may create a dissatisfied child rather than one who is taught prudence and real values.

Recently, in speaking of a luxurious item of clothing, one woman pointed to another and said: "She has plenty of money to buy a beautiful one, but she says she doesn't want to wear what her sisters can't afford."

This may seem to many an extreme attitude, but how many heartaches and how much embarrassment would be spared the less affluent if more prudence were exercised.

Quite early in Nephite history, Benjamin warned the Nephites of their sin of pride:

> And the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks and high heads because of the costliness of your apparel . . . (Jacob 2:13).

If one would set an example of prudent living, one must recognize values. The Lord requires a humble heart and a contrite spirit. Prudence is an attribute which pertains to these.

With the great missionary program spreading over the earth, with

chapels to be built, temples to be erected, the poor to be cared for, *now* is the time to heed the proverb "A prudent man looketh well to his going," to the end that the Latter-day Saint mother will weigh her desires and purchase prudently to permit also the purchase of things of eternal worth, both tangible and intangible.

—M. C. S.

I Heard a Mother Singing

Illa Mae Richardson

I heard a mother singing,
And the sound of her voice dried the tears of a child.
I heard a mother singing,
And her song brought new light wherever she smiled.

Hymns of praise to her Maker, words of faith to her God;
Thanks for life with its beauties, for paths she has trod.
Songs of love for her homeland, hope of peace for the nations;
Dreams of life everlasting for all God's creations.

Oh, that all might be singers
Our hearts to take wing!
Only blessings would follow if life were to sing!

Yes, I heard a mother singing
Singing songs from her heart, and I knew
As long as we have Singing Mothers
Our lives will be beautiful, too.

Gracious Acceptance

Nancy M. Armstrong

ALTHOUGH "It is more blessed to give than to receive," blessed also is the receiver who accepts generously the offering of another's overflowing heart.

Giving, whether of gifts or of oneself, is its own reward. But the receiver can enhance the giver's joy by accepting graciously.

Have you ever burst someone's bubble of happiness by saying, "Oh, you shouldn't have gone to all that trouble," or "How will I ever repay you?"

True, an opportunity to return that particular individual's munificence may never come, but many opportunities will come to do a thoughtful deed or say an encouraging word to someone else. A lovely chain of kindliness can thus be formed. And it's all in the family, for are we not all children of the same Father?

With practice, the art of gracious acceptance can be acquired, and grateful recognition of another's liberality is ample recompense.

Notes TO THE FIELD

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE Annual General Relief Society Conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 27th and 28th, 1961. The general session will be held on Wednesday, September 27th, from 2 to 4 P.M. in the Tabernacle. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents ask their bishops to announce in the wards the general session of the conference to which the general public is invited. Attendance at the Officers Meeting on Wednesday morning, September 27, from 10 to 12 in the Tabernacle, and the departmental meetings to be held Thursday morning and Thursday afternoon, September 28, is limited to stake board members and mission officers. A reception to which stake board members and mission officers are invited will be held on Wednesday evening, September 27, from 7 to 10 in The Relief Society Building.

Extra Copies of 1960 Relief Society Magazine Available for Binding

SETS of the twelve issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1960 are available, for a limited time, at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price for the twelve issues is $2 postpaid. If it is desired to have the *Magazines* bound by the Deseret News Press (see advertisement on page 638 of this issue of the *Magazine*), the set of 1960 *Magazines* will be sent, if so directed, to the Deseret News Press. A separate payment for binding the *Magazines* is to be sent to the Deseret News Press. The payment for binding must be received by them before the *Magazines* will be bound. A yearly index will be bound in at no extra cost.

Let's Learn to Quilt

Holly B. Keddington

SOME of the most beautiful quilting in existence has been done by Relief Society women, but unless more people learn to quilt, this very gratifying and beautiful art may be lost.

Quilting is a relaxing and satisfying hobby. Young and old can enjoy working at it. Anyone who can hold a needle and stitch a short even stitch can learn to quilt. But why start a beginner on a large and sometimes heavy, bulky quilt? The beginner likes to see the completion of the article in a short time and, often, a quilt is put away to be worked on a month later. How much better it would be to complete small articles first, and after the stitches have become even and it is easy to follow the designated pattern, a larger article will be fun and not so difficult.

I remember the first article I completed myself. I was offered help, which I declined, and told my sister and neighbor I'd like to do this quilting all alone. Then I would be able to see all of my stitches, and if they were good or bad, it was my work. I found I learned much by this method and then I felt able to quilt with the regular quilters.

The stitchery in quilting should be beautiful and even, with just enough padding between the marked top of the article and the back or lining to produce a puffy effect. Small articles can be made on embroidery hoops or on a small homemade wooden frame bolted together at the corners.

The patterns for these small articles are chalked or penciled lightly but accurately and distinctly on the top, which is the right side of the fabric when this top is placed on the frame. The lining is first placed on the frame, right side down, then the filling, dacron batting, or whatever is to be used, is placed evenly and to the extreme edges of the material. Then the marked top is placed right side up and all three pinned or tacked securely to the frame. Your imagination can run rampant with ideas for design — original, from coloring books, intricate heirloom patterns, or a combination of any of these. The thread for stitching can match or contrast the material used, just please yourself, there is no set rule. Maybe one of these originals of yours will become an heirloom in the future.

Needles for quilting are called "quilting" or "betweens," and size "7" is a good size for most work. Use "quilting" or heavy-duty thread. The heavy-duty thread is available in more colors than the regular quilting thread. Always use a thimble.

THE yardage for making quilted pillows, knitting bags, and pictures is carried in the drapery departments of the stores where draperies are sold. Sometime you will be able to pick up samples or remnants at a fraction of the original price. The salesperson can usually direct you to what is avail-

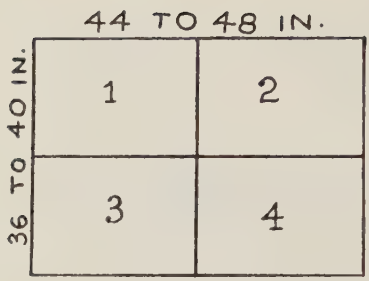


Illustration No. 1

Diagram showing how material for four pictures may be placed on the quilting frame, and four pictures quilted at once.

able so you won't have to look through vast bolts of material.

Contrasting bits of material may be used to improvise figures from coloring books to use for knee patches on creepers, and on pockets and collars for children's clothes. I know these can be quilted on the sewing machine much quicker, but we are learning the art of hand quilting and the little extra time it takes will be good practice.

The lining for quilting pictures and any article which does not have the back exposed can be made of any soft material (we used old sheets). This is first tacked to the frame, then the very thin layer of dacron batting is laid evenly over the lining and out to the extreme edge. Lay the patterned material over this and fasten securely with thumbtacks or pins. The work must be quite firm as a sway-backed arrangement is difficult to work on.

After quilting pictures one at a time on small frames, we found that a group project was more enjoyable and fun. Though it took us longer to complete, the hours we worked

Photograph by Ralph Clark

Illustration No. 2

A QUILTED PICTURE OF "WILLIAMSBURG"
framed and ready for hanging.

together were well spent. Four pictures were placed on the frames and quilted at the same time by buying two repeats of the same pattern and enough material for two patterns in the width. (See Illustration No. 1.) Grandma Moses prints of "Springtime on the Farm" and "Williamstown" have been our favorites. There are some beautiful seascapes and floral prints which look like paintings when framed. For children's rooms, buy animal and bird prints.

Illustration No. 2 of "Williamstown" was completed in a few hours one afternoon. Then we decided there should be more detail, so we worked the next afternoon on details, and the finished work was well worth our effort. The pictures are framed without glass, but a coating of plastic is sprayed on at the time of framing to help protect the picture from soil. May I suggest that a good, appropriate frame be used, as the frame should enhance and not detract from the work.

Illustration No. 3 is a lounging robe of figured sateen quilted around the gay flowers of the print. This wasn't as difficult to do as it may appear. It would be a very appropriate and beautiful addition to a trousseau. The paper pattern, trimmed to the cutting line, is laid on a large flat surface on the material, then marked with pencil all around the pattern. Mark all notches and sewing helps. Then make marks three-fourths inches inside of the other lines for the seam lines. On our patterned material we matched the pattern on the fronts and upper part of the sleeves.

The lining was sheath lining which was first tacked to the frame.

Photograph by Ralph Clark

Illustration No. 3

A QUILTED LOUNGING ROBE IN GAY-FLOWERED PRINT

Model: Mabel Rennie

We used regular full-sized quilting frames for the length of the material and child-sized quilting frames for the width. The dacron was then placed evenly and quite thinly over the lining. The marked top was then placed. This must also be firmly tacked on the frame for easy quilting. A quilted pattern could also be worked on plain material. Be sure to mark the pattern on the material the same as for patterned material. You don't want to quilt where there is no need.

The cutting is not done until the whole piece is finished. Sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, cut the

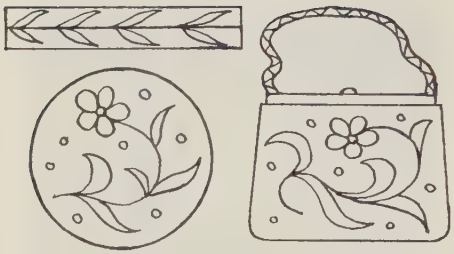


Illustration No. 4
PILLBOX HAT
with band, and matching bag

dacron and patterned material back to one half inch from the seam; the lining material is then fell-seamed by hand. The remainder of the sewing is done as directed. Buy a pattern one size larger than needed, as quilting takes up some extra material.

There are so many small articles to be made more beautiful by quilting, for example, a tiny pill-box hat and evening bag (Illustration No. 4) to wear to those nice places. Some of the larger articles would be a quilted headboard for a bed, with matching cornices over the windows. Use quilted padding on a quaint upholstered chair for the luxurious look. You may think of many more places to use quilting, and in a few years let us hope people will be saying, "Isn't it wonderful that quilting has never lost its versatility?" And don't forget to let us know about your new ideas for quilting. Happy stitching!

The Forming Fruit

Marjorie B. Newton

Sydney Stake, March 27, 1960 — March 27, 1961

Now autumn comes again in this our land,
Though still the trees are green and gay the flowers,
Nor have they changed their raiment since
We lived those brief and hallowed hours.

Our first year passed! Four seasons full
Since Zion's fingers touched our tropic shore
And planted here a sturdy living stake
To root and grow and flourish evermore.

A year today! Like autumn's rising flocks
Our hearts with joy and yearning soared on high,
And swift as bird-flight spanned the waiting years
Our earthbound, sin-weak bodies could not fly.

But now we've taken measure of our task
And pray for strength to earn our heart's desire:
That autumn day might come when golden sun
Will shine upon a lofty temple spire.

The Intruders

Betty Lou Martin

THE fresh, early morning air swept throughout the house as Linda Stone stood in the open doorway watching her two children leave for school. With a sigh of relief, she turned and walked slowly into the living room. She inspected the room, and then began straightening the sofa pillows and placing them carefully back in order. After she had finished vacuuming and dusting, Linda stood back and surveyed her work. A look of satisfaction appeared upon her slightly tense face, and the frown that she usually wore upon it seemed to soften somewhat.

Linda Stone was really a very attractive woman, with honey-colored blonde hair and sky-blue eyes set in a clear but slightly pale skin. Everyone said that the children resembled her, with their curly blonde hair and blue eyes, just a shade darker than her own. Her husband Jess was dark and rugged in appearance with a hint of mischievousness twinkling in his brown eyes.

Linda had decided a long time ago that opposites must attract, because she and Jess were certainly different in every respect. Jess was good-natured and easy-going. His home was his castle, meant to be lived in to the fullest. However, Linda was somewhat shy and retiring and such an exacting housekeeper that she could very easily qualify as being a fanatic. She couldn't stand it if the least amount of dirt found its way to her carpet. In the early spring when muddy weather predominated, she was constantly cleaning and warning the children to be more careful about wiping their feet before they entered the house. When company came to the house to visit the Stones, Linda found herself on edge until they had gone. The minute that they would leave the house, she would begin straightening the pillows and sofa cushions or cleaning up the mud that someone had obviously tracked upon the carpet.

Jess Stone tried not to show any irritation at this attitude of his wife. Although she might be too exacting in her housekeeping, she was a wonderful wife to him and mother to their children.

Vickie and Randy Stone walked slowly up the walk leading to their home. Although Randy was eleven and Vickie nine, they were very close and loyal to one another. They enjoyed each other's company more than that of other children in the neighborhood; however, they still had many friends and seemed to be popular with the other children on the block.

Linda heard the children enter the house, and once again she braced herself. She found herself on the offensive toward her own children. It wasn't that she didn't love them a great deal, but she just couldn't seem to adjust to their careless little habits. She had finally given up in despair at the untidiness of their rooms. She had constantly chided them about leaving their things lying around in their rooms, as well as in the other parts of the house,

and the more that she seemed to call their attention to it, the more they seemed to displease her. Finally, she had told them that if they must leave their things lying around they would have to keep them in their own rooms. Since that time Linda found that it had been much easier to keep the house in order, for the children no longer came into the living room to draw or paint. They would usually retire to their rooms after they had their dinner.

One night after they had finished the dinner dishes, Jess commented, "Why don't the children join us in the living room any more? They always go straight to their rooms and stay there the remainder of the evening."

"Why, I imagine that they have their things in their rooms, and they don't want to bring them out here, Jess."

Jess was thoughtful for a minute. "It seems to me that they could spend a little time with us. We're supposed to be a family, you know."

"Sometimes they like to be alone after being around so many people all day," Linda replied, trying to compensate for the guilty feeling that she was experiencing.

"Well, I'm around people all day at the office, and I still like to have my family around me when I come home," Jess retaliated.

Linda smiled. "It just so happens, my dear husband, that you are an extrovert, and the children seem to be more like their mother, on the introvert side."

"Nonsense, they have lots of friends and are just as talkative as their father." Jess was not to be outdone.

THE next morning at the breakfast table, Vickie shyly cleared her throat before she spoke to her mother. "Mother, could I have a party for Annette before she and her family move? They are leaving just as soon as school is out. All the others in the neighborhood have had parties, and I'm the only one that hasn't." Vickie's eyes seemed to plead with Linda.

Linda thought of all the children in the neighborhood tracking inside the house. She could just see herself rushing around, frantically wiping up first punch that had been spilled on the carpet, then cake crumbs and frosting. She could visualize herself, as well as the house, in shambles before the party was over.

"We'll see, dear," she told her young daughter. "If the weather is good enough, and you can have it outside, I see no reason why we can't have the children over."

"But, Mother, I'd tell them all to be very careful and not spill anything. I always go into their houses, but they never can come into ours."

"Yes, and I've seen the way some of their furniture looks, too. It appears as if they live on it. If they act that way in their own homes, they won't have any respect for other people's possessions."

Vickie did not attempt to reply to her mother, but kept her eyes downcast, apparently concentrating upon her breakfast.

The morning household chores done, Linda reached for the morning paper and had just sat back to relax when the telephone rang.

"LINDA," the voice on the telephone came through forcefully. "I just got into town. Your father had to go away on business, so I thought that I would spend a few days with you. I didn't have time to write and let you know that I was coming."

"Mother," Linda replied. "This certainly is a surprise. A very nice one, I might add."

"I know that I should have called you before, dear, but you know how I am. I just got ready and came," Mrs. Higgins said nonchalantly.

"You know that you are welcome any time, Mother." Linda paused. "Where are you now?"

"I'm at the bus station. They're just getting my luggage now."

"Fine, Mom. Now you stay put and I'll be right down after you," Linda said.

"Fine, dear," Mrs. Higgins answered. "I'm so anxious to see you and Jess and the children."

Linda prepared a light luncheon for her mother and herself, and then sat back leisurely to enjoy her mother. There was something about Mrs. Higgins that always put her at ease. Linda had always maintained that Jess was so much like her mother in disposition that he seemed more like her own son.

"You look simply wonderful, Mother. As always, may I add," Linda complimented Mrs. Higgins, as she gazed at the woman's beautiful silver-gray hair and soft-textured skin.

"Thank you, Linda. Actually, I never felt better. Your father isn't pushing himself so much lately. I think that he has finally learned how to relax. We seem to enjoy life more now than we ever have."

"Daddy always did push himself too hard, Mother." Linda was thoughtful. "I really worry about him."

"Yes, and you have his disposition, too." Mrs. Higgins looked at her daughter. "Now, that's enough about the Higgins family. How about the Stones? Is everything going along all right, Linda?" Mrs. Higgins narrowed her gaze at her daughter.

"Oh, yes, everything is just fine here. The children have grown so much that you will hardly recognize them, Mother. Honestly, I can't seem to keep Randy in shoes, he grows out of them so fast. Naturally, I'm prejudiced, but I think that Vickie grows prettier every day."

"You look a little tired, Linda. Are you sure that you are feeling all right? You always were too much of a fusser in your own home for your own good." Mrs. Higgins always spoke with sincerity and honesty.

Linda was slightly annoyed at her mother's accurate surveillance. "Now, Mom, let's not talk about me. I'm a very dull subject."

When Randy and Vickie arrived home from school, they were very pleased, as they always were when their Grandmother Higgins came to visit. They chattered away constantly about their school work, their teachers, and their friends.

That night at dinner Jess laughingly remarked, "Now wait a minute. Your Grandmother will be here for a few days. Save a few things to tell her. You've told her more in a few hours than we usually find out from you all week."

Linda smiled as she noticed that Jess talked with the same amount of consistency and enthusiasm as the children. However, Grandmother Higgins seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

"Where have the children gone?" Mrs. Higgins remarked after they had retired to the living room.

"Oh, they usually go to their rooms after dinner, Mother. They like to draw and paint, and sometimes they have some lessons to finish."

"Can't they come out here and be a little more sociable while they are at it?" Mrs. Higgins laughed. "The place is too quiet for my blood. I like a little noise around."

Jess looked up from his easy chair, where he was engrossed in the evening paper. Although he didn't speak, his expression seemed to agree with Mrs. Higgins' conclusion.

"I think that I'll go in and visit the children before they go to bed. I can see you, my daughter, all day, but the children are away at school a good part of the time."

AFTER Mrs. Higgins had left the room, Linda and Jess were silent. Linda felt uneasy, and for the first time in her life that she could remember, she was considerably irritated by her mother's attitude. She wasn't used to having her position challenged in her own household. Her family had always accepted her rules and had never criticized her authority.

The next morning, as the children left, Mrs. Higgins said to Vickie and Randy as she gently kissed them on the cheek and handed them their lunches, "Have a good day at school, children. We'll miss you."

"They are really sweet children, Mom," Linda said, sharing her mother's moment of tranquility.

Mrs. Higgins didn't attempt to reply to Linda. Instead, she walked about the kitchen, gazing around as she walked. "You certainly are a wonderful housekeeper, Linda."

"Thank you," Linda said, wondering what her mother would say next. She could always tell when she was about to make a statement by that faraway look in her eyes.

Mrs. Higgins sat down at the breakfast table facing her daughter. "I had quite a talk last night with Randy and Vickie. They are truly intelligent and sensitive children, Linda. You and Jess are so fortunate to have them. So often people want children, and they can't have them. It just makes your heart ache. There is so much sadness in this world that we should surely appreciate our blessings."

"I know it, Mother." Linda was thoughtful.

"Linda, why don't we let Vickie have the party for her little friends while I am here? It would be such fun to help with a party for children again. She told me about it last night."

LINDA wondered when her mother would get to the point. She was definitely working up to something. "I would, Mom, but the weather isn't good enough yet, and I don't want to have the party inside. You know how messy children are."

"Yes, I do. Your brothers and sisters were messy, and you were just as messy as they were, Linda, although it's unbelievable to look at you now." Mrs. Higgins leaned over the table closer to Linda. "You know, Linda, we had a good home.

We lived in it, and we enjoyed it and each other. It wasn't as elaborate as your home. However, we were clean and neat, but not to the point where it was an obsession with us. Why your children are afraid to move in their own home, and I'm surprised that Jess would allow it. I always knew him to be a man who wanted to enjoy his home and family. As it is, you both are afraid to move."

"Oh, Mother, it isn't that bad." Linda tried to uphold herself.

"Yes, it is. When you get to the point where you quit living for fear of getting something soiled, then things have certainly gone too far. Why this isn't a warm and loving home. It is more a house where people come and go, a stopping off place until they will find something better. Mark my word, those children are already drawing away from you."

Linda felt tears come to her eyes. "I didn't realize. . . ."

"My dear, I'm only telling you this, because I want to help you. I'm not trying to meddle in your affairs. Those three people are very dear. They're your family and should be treated as such, not as if they were intruders in your well-run household." Mrs. Higgins got up from her chair and went over to her daughter. Gently she laid her hand upon her shoulder. "Think about it, dear. Now shall we get these dishes done?"

The remainder of the day Linda thought a great deal about what her mother had said, and she realized that she had lost a lot of her closeness to her children. She only hoped that it wasn't too late to win them back to her. Jess, too, had seemed lately to be a little distant toward her. She resolved from that moment to act differently.

That evening Linda could hardly wait to tell Vickie that they would have her party right away. Happily, the entire family planned for the event, and when the time finally arrived, Grandmother Higgins was just as excited as the rest of the family. The children were served punch, ice cream, and cookies in the living room, and Linda marveled as she noted that not one child spilled his punch. The only person who broke the perfect record was Linda, when she tipped a glass slightly as she was about to hand it to her mother.

Mrs. Higgins smiled knowingly, and as she glanced around the room, it seemed to have taken on an entirely new personality. In fact, the whole house radiated warmth and aliveness. The intruders were gone, and now a happy, contented family dwelt within its walls.

Futility

Iris W. Schow

Futile as trying to recapture spring,
Or gluing fallen petals to the rose,
Is self-delusive dwelling on the past
Until the present lifts her wings and goes.

Casseroles

Mabel Harmer

Casseroles can be a real boon to the busy hostess. In addition to being delicious, they can be prepared ahead of time, so that the last hour before serving can be spent in another way than frying chops. They are no less welcome for the family dinner when Mother wants to prepare something a little special — or ahead of time.

Sea food or chicken are the favorite basic ingredients, and there is an almost endless variety of recipes. Here is a rather simple and inexpensive casserole using tuna:

Tuna Loaf With Celery — Olive Sauce

2 cans tuna
1 c. soft bread crumbs
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
3 tbsp. chopped pimento
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. melted butter
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. nutmeg
⅛ tsp. cloves
2 eggs
1 c. evaporated milk

Mix together and put into a well-buttered casserole. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Serve with the following sauce:

1 can celery soup, ¼ c. evaporated milk, ¼ c. sliced olives.

If you want to serve a real party dish that can be made very easily try:

Quick Shrimp Curry

1 c. chopped onion
2 tbsp. butter
2 cans frozen shrimp soup
2 c. dairy sour cream
1 tsp. curry powder
2 c. shrimps
3 c. cooked rice

Cook the onion in butter. Add the soup and stir until smooth. Add the cream and curry. Add the shrimp and heat. Serve over the rice with a sprinkle of paprika and sprigs of parsley. Garnish with any or all of the following: Chopped salted peanuts, hard-boiled eggs, chutney, kumquat preserves. Makes 8 servings.

Sea-Food Supreme

1 can crab meat, drained, boned, and flaked
1 can shrimps
2 tbsp. Italian style salad dressing (oil and vinegar)
1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup
1 c. whipping cream
1 c. chopped water cress
½ c. buttered soft bread crumbs
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
½ tsp. paprika

Marinate the crab meat and shrimps in salad dressing 1 hour.

Heat soup and cream over low heat, stirring often until soup melts; stir in the crab-shrimp mixture.

Layer with chopped water cress into a buttered baking dish. Top with mixture of bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, and paprika. Bake in slow oven (300°) about 30 minutes. Serves six.

My favorite chicken casserole is the "Carolina," and is easily made in spite of the rather long list of ingredients.

Carolina Chicken Casserole

- 1 4-lb. chicken
- ⅓ c. chopped onion
- ⅓ c. chopped green pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 12-oz. pkg. noodles
- ½ c. chopped pimento
- 1 c. ripe olives sliced
- 1½ c. grated cheese
- ½ c. diced ham
- 1 3-oz. can browned mushrooms
- ½ tsp. celery salt
- 1 c. frozen peas

Cook the chicken a day ahead. Leave it whole, cover with boiling water, add celery leaves, a bay leaf, a slice of onion, and salt. When the chicken is tender, remove and cool. Chill the stock and skim off the fat.

When you are ready to prepare your casserole, cook the chopped onion and green pepper in some of the chicken fat. Measure the stock and add enough water to make 7 cups of liquid. Heat to boiling, add salt and noodles and cook until tender. Do not drain. Cut the chicken into small pieces and add all the remaining ingredients except peas. Season to taste. Put into buttered casserole and bake one hour at 325°. Stir in peas the last 20 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

Fruit Salad

Edna Lind Cole

- 1 large banana, minced
- ½ c. crushed pineapple
- ½ c. yellow peaches (fresh, frozen, dried, or canned)
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- dash of salt
- ¼ c. sugar (or less)
- ¼ c.cheese, grated
- ¼ c. carrots, grated
- 1 pkg. lemon flavored gelatin
- 2 c. boiling water

Blend fruits, lemon juice, salt, and sugar. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. When cold blend in fruit mixture, cheese, and carrots. Pour into refrigerator tray. Makes four generous servings. Will keep for days

A Change of Pace

Janet W. Breeze

EVER tried tomato soup for breakfast? Used as a beverage, it really warms the tummy on a cold, cold morning. Serve it with open-faced BROILED cheese sandwiches for a protein treat that's a welcome change from cereal and eggs.

Feeding a child in bed? Present him with finger foods served in colored paper cups in a muffin tin and watch that appetite perk up. Use an old clock as a medicine reminder and set hands to hour of next dose.

Want the family to learn some scriptures? Tape a new quotation each week to the bathroom mirror. They'll each read them once, at any rate.

Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

AUTUMN ON THE PLAINS

Autumn Noon

Maude Rubin

The pond is shrunken, its reed-pipes dry,
Its blackbird chorus still.
The field is stubble, ankle high,
And over the bread-loaf hill
The sun hangs ripe as a yellow pear.
The breath of timothy rides the air
From high in its steep-roofed haymow where,
Moveless, the weathercock's metal stare
Surveys this bronze tranquility. . . .
One velvet bee
Goes bumbling by,
Dressed for some fall fiesta,
Stirring the indolent gold of noon
Where pond and sun and dragonfly soon
Will drowse in a brief siesta.

A Golden, Golden Wedding Day

Linnie Fisher Robinson

I am certain that mother's golden wedding was not more beautiful or lovely than many many others, although it held a day of wonderful surprises and never-to-be-forgotten moments — but these things are expected after fifty years of happily wedded life, and especially so when there are many children and grandchildren. Then, of course, there were numerous friends and crowds of relatives — all well-wishers. My parents' home and grounds were full of people who came and went all day and far into the evening. These things are present at most golden weddings, but there was one thing that was probably different, and it is of that I write.

Mother had been a Primary teacher for some forty odd years. She had held other positions in the ward and stake. She had been called with father to do special missionary work in a small neighboring town, but she had never stopped teaching Primary. There were boys from Trekker age on up in the ward and surrounding wards who loved mother and whose children loved her because mother dearly loved them. Many honors came to her through this source. As an example, I remember when she was nearing seventy her name was put on the queen contest list by the Aaronic Priesthood for a fund-raising carnival for their ward house. Mother won against a bevy of lovelies, and when we went to see her crowned queen, we couldn't get within a block of the grounds.

Her golden wedding day was in late April, and on that particular day the hills above the town were covered with daffodils. Because they are gold in color, I suppose the children thought they would be appropriate for a golden wedding. Many fine plants and exquisite bouquets had been brought to honor mother and father that day, so much so that all places that could be gracefully used had been used when the daffodils began to arrive. At first we put the bouquets in tall glass tumblers in the large and deep window sills in mother's living room, dining room, and study. When everything was filled we put them in mother's tin milk pans that she had not used for years. We put the bunches together until the pans were filled, and then we put the pans on the front porches until they were filled, and then we began to look for other containers for the back hall. . . . But the gold rubbed off on all of us, and the words of the poet Wordsworth lived for us — "ten thousand . . . daffodils . . . flash upon the inward eye."

The wonder in mother's face at the honor given warmed our hearts and father's, too, and remains ours to keep. April never comes nor goes that it does not bring to me the almost incredible happenings of that day. I recall, too, the children who brought the flowers and the shy pleased pride in their faces as they handed them to us at the door and then insisted on leaving immediately, never dreaming of the magnitude and permanence of the thing they did.

A Parable for Polly

Maude Proctor

IT is an odd thing about Marge. She says she never, never, gives advice to her daughter or her daughter-in-law, even when they ask for it, on how to rear children.

"How in the world do you manage?" I asked her one day as we sat on the back porch shelling peas. "I never can keep my mouth closed, when I should."

Marge laughed a little. "I never was known for my restraint!" she protested.

We visited and enjoyed the warm summer sunshine for half an hour or so, before Polly came, Marge's son's wife, plodding along the dusty road with a discouraged droop to her shoulders.

"Sit down and rest a bit," Marge told her, "it's going to be a scorcher, isn't it?"

"Yes," Polly said, with a sigh, "but the heat wouldn't be so bad, if the children would just behave."

"What are the little darlings doing now?" Marge asked, a little too gaily, it seemed to me.

"It's Kent. You know how he is always slipping out of doing his chores and talking good-natured Mort into doing them. I've tried everything I can think of to break him of it, and I'm so afraid that if he does not change soon the habit will be the ruination of him and Mort, too."

I nodded in agreement, but Marge sat there with a faraway sort of smile on her face and spoke softly as if she had not heard a word.

"You remember my sister Lila?" she began. "She was a pretty girl and smart in school, too, but she was always putting on airs and showing off in front of the other girls. One day she was on the way home from school with a group of her friends when they passed me and my pals. We had stopped for a game of hopscotch, and it was a perfect opportunity for Sis to show off.

"Here, take these home with you," she demanded, dropping her books on the sidewalk.

"You are going right home," I protested, "why can't you take them?"

"I'm busy. You take them home," Lila said emphatically.

"Oh, all right, but don't leave the books right there in our way."

Lila condescended to move the books about a foot so that we could continue our game, and went on with her friends.

When I got home my mother asked me what kind of a day I'd had, and I told her, got a hug, and started for the kitchen to get a cookie when I remembered those pesky books. I slammed out the back door and Mother called me back.

"Where are you going?" she wanted to know.

When I told her, she said, "Leave them there."

"But Sis said to bring them," I answered as if her word was law.

"Never mind. I'll take care of it," Mother murmured in her sweet, mild way.

So I forgot the whole thing.

Next morning Sis asked me where her books were.

"Goodness, I don't know!" I said blankly.

Mother looked squarely at her. "Where did you leave them, dear?"

Sis turned an uncomfortable red and muttered something, intending to retrieve them on the way to school.

You should have seen the sodden, glutinous mess they were. Someone had turned the water down the little irrigation ditch in the early morning hours, and the books had been right in the middle of a shallow furrow. Sis tried to see what she could salvage from the gooey pages and dripped red and blue all over her new dress in a stain that never washed out, and she ran home with tears streaming down her face.

Mother comforted her, but never once said, "That's what you get for imposing on others!"

There was not enough money in our family those days for a second set of books, so the remaining few weeks of school Lila spent studying after classes from the teacher's books or with a friend who would share study time. Her pride suffered.

"I just know I won't pass," she would sigh in despair nearly every night as we snuggled down in bed after prayers. Of course, she did pass, but you can bet she never asked me to do any unnecessary waiting on her again. All I had to do was say "Book."

Polly, Marge, and I laughed a little and remarked about what a responsible person Lila is now, and what a delightful family she has. Polly and I walked to her gate together when we left and had a nice chat. She was in much better spirits as she waved goodbye, and walked briskly around the lilac bush toward her back door.

The next morning Polly's Mort was disconsolately tossing pebbles about, when I went out to see if there was any mail in my box.

"What's the matter, Mort, don't you have to watch the water today?" I could see that the small ditch we all use to put water on our lawns and kitchen gardens was full to brimming over.

"No, it's Kent's turn, and Mom said I wasn't to touch it."

"Well, Kent had better get at it, hadn't he?" I was already turning to a continued story in my favorite magazine as I went back to the walk.

BY midafternoon the road was flooded. When that happens in our town and people complain, a fine is automatic, and the family responsible has to clean up any damage to the neighbors' property.

The view from my window next morning was one of industry. Polly was setting out little chrysanthemum plants, and there was Kent working like a trooper on the results of yesterday's flood.

"Hi, you busy people," I called, and ambled over to pass the time of day. Polly said that Mort had already gone on a hike and that the family was pleased with Kent's new job. "He has a paper route," she said proudly.

"Paper boys make quite a bit." I smiled as Kent looked up. "You will be our richest citizen in no time."

He kicked at a clod and answered with dejection bending him over like an old man, "Ah, I'll have to pay my debts — that darn water fine — and by that time I'll need a

new bike and . . ." his voice faltered and stopped as he turned to pick up his shovel.

I looked a question at Polly, but she paid no attention and started to discuss the party that night. Thus reminded, I hurried home to make the pies I had promised to take.

While I was rolling out the pie crust I suddenly saw the whole thing. That Marge! Telling stories instead of saying things straight out!

The party was a big success, to judge by the crowd, and in one corner Marge sat surrounded by admiring friends, as usual.

A knowing look came into my eyes just as Marge turned, and our glances met. She smiled and winked at me, knowing that I had discovered her method of giving advice, but that I would keep her secret safely tucked away in a warm corner of my heart.

Sound in the Valley

Hazel Loomis

In this vast land where there is time,
I'll find a mountain high to climb.
Aloft, I'll sit there all day long,
And with my flute I'll play a song.
I'll hear the throbbing flute-notes spill
From cliff to cliff and down the hill,
Breaking silence in the land —
And die there trembling . . . in the sand.

Copied Handiwork

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Near an outer window-sill,
A rose unfolded silently.
Radiant with the sun it seemed,
A harbor of tranquility.
Within the window's glow,
Flower petals, crisp and bright,
Were fashioned into whorls,
Without perfume in morning flight.

But serrate leaf and calyx bud,
Tall with quiet dignity,
Are deftly copied handiwork,
Simulating rose reality.

A Story to Tell

Harriet DeSpain

CARS stood in the lane, in front of the house, and even in the barnyard. Many of the Murphy family had come to claim some special thing, precious to their memories, before the bulldozers moved in to wreck the old family homestead.

Aunt Kate stood in the yard in the rear and watched two husky men stagger out of the kitchen door with a huge, massive table. Its great weight propelled and hurried their steps, and they gladly brought it to rest under the old apple tree. Uncle Dave lingered a moment to say, "I truly believe, Kate, if all the food that has been on this table was here at once, it would reach to heaven."

Kate smiled in shared amusement, but her thoughts sobered and grew reminiscent. How much this old table had contributed to so many lives. Yes, food to sustain their bodies. It had heard thanks given and blessings asked, ethical lessons learned, and advice given, plans made, and the results discussed in either joy or disappointment. It had borne the burden of school books, and the weight of the Bible on Saturday nights. It had heard laughter and the sound of tears. Three generations of Murphys had surely left their secrets within its ancient scars.

Grandpa William Murphy had chosen well a table as sturdy and strong and as far-reaching as himself. It was brought home, proudly, to replace the old pine one his father had made. Grandma Agatha had promptly covered the big neat table with a bright red and white checkered tablecloth to preserve its fine polished surface.

At first her plate, placed opposite Grandpa's at the foot of the table, seemed far away, but soon little John's plate was placed near hers and then William Jr.'s, and in quick succession, Mary's and Jane's to fill up the space along one side. The table was pulled out into the room, and then came Tom's plate and Nellie's and Agnes' and Wee Davie's to fill up the other side. Great platters of meat and huge bowls of potatoes, gravy, vegetables, and puddings and pies were passed from stove to table in constant, daily round.

There came one sad day when little Agnes' plate was taken away, never to be replaced, and, for a time, the food was dry and tasteless in Agatha's mouth.

More table leaves were put in to expand the table, as shoulders broadened and boys and girls grew tall. Then, one by one, a plate was removed, as each child left the parental roof, until only John's remained, when Grandpa's and Grandma's were no longer there.

JOHN brought his diminutive bride, Emily, to grace the table in the place opposite his. The happy, busy years brought six more plates to line the sides, and once more the table became the center of interest for a large family. Emily, a mistress of gracious living, replaced the old checkered cloths with white ones, and flowers often adorned the

center of the table. Good manners were insisted upon, and an attempt at cultured conversation was introduced daily. Each morning when the family gathered for breakfast, the chairs were turned with their backs to the table and each person knelt at his place in family prayer, and, as they grew to maturity, they knew the sacredness of family prayer.

One morning Emily was too ill to take her place, and anxiety was a living presence. A week later John lovingly carried her to the table to sit with them once more, but soon her plate was no longer put upon the table. Kate's slight form looked pitifully small as she attempted to fill her mother's chair.

One day David brought his "girl" home from church, and a plate was placed beside his own. Another Sunday, and Kate shyly included a plate for her favored suitor, and laughter, plans, and teasing again made merry.

After a time John brought home "Aunt Dagmar" to take Emily's place opposite his own. Dagmar had laughing eyes, merry ways, and sympathetic ears. Her table was less formal but a happy one. In an incredibly short time a bench had to be installed permanently behind the table, and, one by one, a graduated row of tow-headed children perched there to drum their little heels against its wooden sides. Danish idioms began to find their way into the family conversation, and the food had a definite and delicious Danish flavor. Soon all six leaves expanded the table, and the proper time never seemed to come to remove them. On Thanksgiving day, when all the married children came home, the table had to be set twice, not to mention the return in the evening for snacks. John presided over these festive occasions, a veritable patriarch, happy and content.

NUMEROUS events that had centered around the table crowded into Kate's mind: there was that never-to-be-forgotten "last dinner" for Gus before he went to war, and Dagmar visibly choked over her food. Once the doctor had used the table on which to set little Billy's broken leg. She could still recall the beauty of the heap of shells Robert had emptied there upon his return from a mission to Samoa. The table had been the receptacle for her own various emotions. She seemed to see a little girl with her head buried in her arms upon the table, sobbing in childish disappointment or feel the irritation that possessed her with the raucous laughter of her teen-aged brothers.

The table had sustained so many uses: etchings of dreams of new houses, barns, or even landscaping; dress patterns were laid upon the table and cut, later to be made into clothes; the family gathered there in the evenings or on rainy days to play games or to read, with Dagmar always near by with her mending.

As the years passed the plates began to be removed once more, never to be there again except for special and well-loved guests. High chairs were brought down from the attic for the grandchildren on whom Dagmar lavished all the petting and cuddling she had had no time to give her own. Elbows pressed hard into the table top as adults drew close together in serious and muted

conversation. The table had heard some words of anger and of shame, it is true, but happiness and joy had always predominated.

Out under the apple tree Kate's hand pressed lovingly over the table top, smoothing the beautiful rich patina made by their very flesh and hands. Her eyes burned with the difficult tears of the very old. It was so painful to have the table destroyed and taken out of their lives. Inanimate it might be, but it was endowed with so much living. How far-reaching had been the lessons learned there, forming characters they had acquired to face the world and to leave their influence.

She thought, whimsically, there should be a place for this old soldier to come honorably to rest.

Kate became aware of her coltish grandson, Ronnie, awkwardly hovering about her and brought her attention to him as he said with his most engaging grin, "Do you think, Grandma, anyone would mind if I took this old table and made me some bookshelves? Solid oak, you know, elbow rubbed!"

Kate's throat contracted with emotion, but she managed, "Bless you, Ron."

Pathways to the Lord

Leslie Savage Clark

Always some trail of beauty leads
Across the day to him:
A spider web, dew-diamonded,
Ferns by a pool's blue rim,
A child's gay laugh, an old man's smile,
A spire against the sky,
And the valor of folk who walk with grief
With heads erect and high.

These are the paths he marks for us,
With stars and moonlit foam,
With glimpses of faith and tenderness
To lead one's spirit home.

Margaret Ann Meng Makes Unique Hexagonal Rugs

MARGARET Ann Meng, Archer, Idaho, enjoys making unique hexagonal-shaped rugs. They are crocheted of rug yarn and are decorated with a wide looped fringe. In some rugs the fringe picks up the color used in the center of the rug, and in others, the fringe is made of several of the colors used in the body of the rug. These rugs lie flat, wear well, and may be made in colors and designs which harmonize with the furnishings in any room of the house.

Mrs. Meng also makes lovely crocheted articles, including bedspreads and tablecloths, and she is an expert quilter. Her life has been filled with hard work, and with happiness, with many daily tasks, and with interesting hobbies.

She "settled" as a pioneer in Lyman, Idaho, in 1883. Later, she became the first Relief Society secretary in Archer Ward, and, afterwards, was first counselor. She was trained as a midwife, and traveled many long miles side-saddle, to care for her patients. She is mother to eight children and has 104 descendants, including seven great-great-grandchildren. Throughout the Rexburg Valley, and in the neighboring settlements of Archer, Thornton, and Lyman, Mrs. Meng is greatly loved for her years of kind and loving service.

The Message

Marion Ellison

IT fell to earth in a blaze of color with a streak of red and gold and brown. It lay still for a moment then fluttered gaily to a newer spot and settled slowly down. It struggled feebly, then sank gently and remained where it was — the very last leaf on the tree had fallen, and I could rake the leaves before the winter snows came.

Because of the Word

Chapter 2

Hazel M. Thomson

Synopsis: Ruth Ann Barker, who lives, in the early 1830's, with her widowed father, a farmer in the Naumkeg Valley of New England, dislikes farm life and cannot decide to marry Victor Hall, a neighboring farmer. Ruth Ann goes to Boston to visit her cousin Claire Mayhew, and meets Quinton Palmer, a suitor of Claire's, who declares that he has fallen in love with Ruth at their first meeting.

THE air was strained between the two girls as Ruth Ann prepared to leave the next morning. On the long ride home in the coach, she had time to think of many things she could have done.

She could have refused to dance all those dances, but he was such a wonderful dancer. She realized she could hardly have protested enough to have him pay any attention to it. His way of presuming to get what he desired was a little disquieting.

She could have insisted on staying near Claire, or perhaps she could and should have stayed at home in the first place.

She arrived home late in the afternoon, to find the work both inside and out had piled up during her absence. Coming up the walk, she noticed the gardens, both flowers and vegetables, were already touched by frost. Inside, her father had done little, except make his bed and keep the dishes washed up.

Ruth worked quickly and straightened and scrubbed. It was growing dark and her father still hadn't appeared. He often worked late if he thought he could finish a job that night. She still wasn't too concerned when she heard a step on the porch. She opened the door hurriedly to find, not her father, but Vic standing there. Instinctively, she put a hand to her hair, knowing it was disarranged, but the look on his face made her forget her own appearance.

"Ruth Ann! I didn't know you were back until I saw the lamp was lighted. May I come in?"

"Yes, of course," said Ruth Ann. "Vic, something's wrong. What is it?"

"It's your father, Ruth," said Vic gently. "The colt threw him and his head struck a stone. I found him and carried him into my cabin. He's dead, Ruth Ann."

The room reeled before her eyes, and Vic caught her arm and led her to a chair. Her father, dead! It was impossible, yet Vic said so, Vic who would never tell an untruth. Vic said her father wasn't coming home. She stared woodenly at him.

"Ruth Ann! Do you know what I said? Did you hear me?" Vic took her by the shoulders, shaking her lightly.

All her pent-up distaste for farm life surged over her. What had it ever been except hard and disagreeable, and now it had taken not only one but both her parents. Then the tears came and she sobbed out her heartbreak in Vic's arms.

CLAIRE came for the funeral, but nothing was said about Quinton. Ruth refused Claire's invitation to return to Boston with her, feeling it best that she get used to being alone in familiar surroundings. Vic got Mrs. Walker, a widow from the village, who went from place to place where her services were needed, to come and stay with Ruth. It proved to be a good arrangement. Mrs. Walker was cheerful and refused to let Ruth brood over her sadness. Vic came almost every night to cut wood for her fires, do other chores, talk, if Ruth felt like it, or just sit with her before the fireplace.

His looks and actions told her that he had not forgotten his proposal, but she was grateful that for the time being he did not refer to it. His only concern now was for her, and she had never known a person so thoughtful of another. He seemed to sense her mood almost before she realized it herself.

A heavy snowstorm came just a few days before Christmas, and Ruth Ann was surprised to have a morning visitor from Boston. It was Quinton, arriving by sleigh, and looking more handsome than she remembered.

"Ruth Ann! It took longer than I had planned, but I warned you I would come."

"What a nice surprise!" said Ruth, "but how did you get here this time of day? You must have been driving most of the night."

Quinton laughed. "No, not really. I had work to do nearby and arrived in the village too late to find you last evening. How are you, Ruth? Claire told me about your father. I had planned to come earlier, but thought perhaps I had better wait for awhile after your trouble."

Ruth Ann mentally compared his words with Vic's attitude. Vic simply assumed there were things that needed doing and did them.

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologized Ruth. "Come in by the fire. You must be cold after your drive."

"Not at all. It's a delightful day for driving. That's one reason I dare ask you this. Come back to Boston with me for the holidays, will you, Ruth? I told Claire I was going to ask you. I've told her lots of things since the night I met you. She understands and asked me to bring you."

To Ruth Ann, Christmas was a time to be dreaded this year, a thing that must be endured somehow. Parties and dancing still seemed out of keeping with her feelings about her father.

"Not now, Quinton. Perhaps later I will come."

"Ruth," he pleaded earnestly, "you've been stuck out here so long alone the city would be good for you."

"I'm not alone," she answered. "There are many friends who have been very kind."

RUTH felt again a compelling force about this man and was glad when Mrs. Walker insisted on bringing in a lunch and serving them before the fire. Ruth enjoyed his conversation and found herself laughing for the first time in many days.

"There. You see. I am good for you. I think that is the first you've laughed in weeks. Will you come with me, Ruth Ann?" He put his

hand over hers on the table and held it tight.

"Please, Ruth. I am not in the habit of begging, but I can't get you out of my mind. Even in court you crowd my thoughts and mix up my arguments. Ruth. . . ."

He stopped as he followed her startled eyes to the doorway. Mrs. Walker had brought Vic into the room. Ruth, seeing him, pulled her hand away quickly.

"I'm sorry," said Vic. "Mrs. Walker, you didn't tell me Ruth had a caller."

"You didn't ask. You said, 'Is she home?' and I said 'Yes,' and here she is," answered Mrs. Walker, returning to the kitchen.

Ruth felt at a disadvantage in front of Vic and felt angered at him as the cause of it, but her voice was steady.

"Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hall." She refused to meet Vic's eyes, knowing he was truly apologetic for placing her in this position of embarrassment. The two men nodded, their eyes intent on each other for a long moment, as though taking the others measure and intentions in one searching glance.

"I met Mr. Palmer at Claire's last fall," explained Ruth, wondering at herself for thinking it necessary that she explain to Vic, her anger seething within her. "He has come to take me to Boston for the holidays. I'm not certain just when I will be back. Help Mrs. Walker look after the place while I'm away, will you Vic?"

Her own words puzzled Ruth Ann. Why was she treating Vic in this manner? As for looking after things, hadn't Vic been doing just that ever since the day of the funeral?

Ruth caught a glimpse of the hurt in Vic's eyes as he answered evenly, "Of course. Have a good holiday, Ruth. I brought your Christmas gift." He placed a small package in her hand. "Good-bye." He nodded to Quinton and was gone. Suddenly the room seemed bare and chilly. Ruth stared after him. Quinton's words aroused her.

"I will not try to figure out why you changed your mind, Ruth Ann. That you did is plenty good enough for me. Get packed and let's be on our way before you change it again."

The trip to Boston by sleigh was enjoyable for Ruth. Behind Quinton's fast, high-stepping pair of grays, with bells jingling merrily, the miles fell away. They had almost reached the city before Ruth remembered the present she had for Vic, still in her bureau drawer.

THE present was a new book that had been passed among several families in the village. Mrs. Walker, knowing Vic's love for reading, had brought it to the house, and Ruth had persuaded her to wait until Christmas before giving it to him.

"I'm not giving it to Vic," Mrs. Walker had said. "You are."

"But it is your book."

"He will appreciate it a lot more from you than he will from me. I haven't read it myself, but I've heard a lot of talk about it in different places where I've been working. They do say it is a most interesting story. Something about the Indians. I just figured Vic would like a good Indian story."

"Vic would like any good story," Ruth Ann had answered.

Funny how little it took to keep Vic happy. No need for gay parties and fancy-dress balls for him. A little lamplight and a good book, that was all that was necessary. Oh, well, thought Ruth Ann, determined to put Vic out of her mind, she could still give him the book when she returned.

The holidays in Boston were a continual round of parties and dances, sweet music, and pretty clothes. Quinton was in constant attendance. Claire seemed not to mind. She never lacked for partners and was her usual gay self. Ruth Ann decided that if Claire were suffering any pangs about Quinton, she was keeping them extremely well covered.

Ruth saved the blue dress for Christmas Eve, just as she did the opening of Vic's present. Alone in her bedroom, she opened the tiny package, to find a single blue stone hanging from a tiny gold chain. It finished the dress perfectly, and seemed to give her a feeling of security and comfort, such as she found only in Vic's presence. In some strange, unexplainable way she seemed to feel a lessening of the loneliness she felt this season in the absence of her father.

She went downstairs and met Quinton in the great library of Claire's spacious home to await the dancing that was to begin in the ballroom.

"How beautiful you are tonight," he said, leading her to the divan before the blazing fire. "I have something for you, Ruth Ann. I want you to wear it to the dance tonight."

"You shouldn't have bothered, Quinton. I have nothing to. . . ."

"You have nothing to give me? Is that what you were going to say? You have yourself. Ruth, I do want you to marry me. I think you have known it since the first moment we met."

He opened the box he took from his pocket and held it toward her. Inside Ruth saw the most beautiful string of pearls she had ever seen.

"Quinton! They are priceless!"

"So are you, my dear," he said, taking them from the box and fastening them around her neck.

He took her in his arms and kissed her once. She drew back, shaken at his touch.

"Here," he said, removing the little chain and handing the blue pendant to her. "You won't need this little bauble tonight. You'll be wearing something worthy of your beauty."

In the mirror Ruth looked at the pearls, emblematic of all that Quinton offered her. Then her eyes fell to the small pendant in her hand. Vic's face rose before her as she had last seen it, hurt, yet kind in his own disappointment. For the first time in her life she felt a longing for the farm.

Slowly she unclasped the pearls and handed them back to Quinton, feeling their beauty and richness as she did so. He pleaded, thinking it might help to give him some hold on her, the beginning of a promise, but Ruth Ann was firm in her refusal as she refastened the golden chain about her throat.

"Keep them, Quinton, until I have time to think, a month, two months, away from you. When I have decided, only then would it be right for me to wear the pearls."

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mona H. Brown

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY FAIR
April 28, 1961

Seated at the table, left to right, Work Director Counselors and their wards: Alice Briggs, Fourth Ward; Vera Rosencrantz, Castleford Ward; Della Ghan, Eighth Ward.

Standing, left to right: Marie Hess, Filer Ward; Nelda Tadlock, Sixth Ward; Deone Roberts, Second Ward; Fern Rose, Murtaugh Ward; Ludema Davis, First Ward; Donna Christensen, Fifth Ward; Mary Chency, stake work meeting leader; Marvel Craner, Buhl Second Ward; Lillian Henstock, Hollister; Sara Meyer, Buhl First Ward; Betty Ostler, Twin Falls Third Ward.

Sister Brown reports: "A Relief Society Fair was held following our leadership meeting on April 28, 1961. Each ward exhibited articles made by its members and gave away recipes and samples of food. Hundreds of beautiful articles were on display, which was open to the public. The stake board served refreshments from a table which carried out the Hawaiian theme, with flowers flown from Hawaii for the occasion. Each board member wore a muu muu and a lei to add to the effect. It was an enjoyable occasion, with more than 500 women attending."

Photograph submitted by Edna A. Beal

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 19, 1961

Edna A. Beal, President, Glendale Stake Relief Society, stands sixth from the right in the front row; Corinne McGuire, the chorister, stands seventh; Jo Ann Udall, accompanist, is seated left at the piano.

Sister Beal reports: "This group was honored by being invited to sing at our stake quarterly conference, March 19, 1961. This conference inaugurated the use of our new Glendale Stake Center. These sisters performed before 1800 people, the largest attendance in the history of our stake. We are very proud of these faithful women who give their time so generously, meeting once a week for practice. They are now rehearsing for a musical to be given for the benefit of our new stake center. Sister Jo Ann Udall appears in the picture as accompanist. We are particularly proud of this sister, as she stepped in when sickness prevented our regular accompanist Pearline Goddard from continuing."

Photograph submitted by Evelyn N. Binns

RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 1961

Seated, in front, at the right, left to right: Jeanette C. Bell, Education Counselor; Evelyn N. Binns, President; Edna H. Reynolds, Work Director Counselor.

Standing in front of the microphone: Leona Stinson, chorister; second from Sister Stinson's right: Arlene Beecher, organist.

Evelyn N. Binns, President, Richland Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Richland Stake Singing Mothers have had a very successful year. The Singing Mothers have furnished music for leadership meetings, visiting teacher convention, and our Relief Society convention. At May quarterly conference, the stake Singing Mothers, with a membership of seventy-eight voices, sang 'Hold Thou My Hand' and 'O Come, Thou King of Kings.' As a special number, the three Richland wards, under the direction of Margaret Bosch, sang 'O Come, Ye Blessed of My Father.' The organist for the Richland group was Hazel Haynie."

Photograph submitted by Myrl S. Stewart

RIVERDALE STAKE (UTAH) TWENTY-SECOND WARD COMPLETES TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING

Front row, seated on the floor, left to right: Ardella Johnson, President; Norrinne Fowers, First Counselor; Thelma Ferguson, Second Counselor; Helen Christiansen, Secretary-Treasurer.

Second row, seated, left to right: Annie Hayes; Edna Clark; Martha Van Braak; Margaret Reyns; Eva Bateman; Elva Bowman; Lottie Payton; Connie Nielsen; Louisa Ensign; Hester L. Stone.

Third row, seated, left to right: Emma Schmidt; Reka Vlannderen; Blanche Martin; Cora Gale; Bernice Brown; Luella Dustin; Emily Wilson; Anna Cole; Esther Mitchell.

Back row, standing, left to right: Olive Wilson; Catherine Souter; Ada Nielsen; Elsie Godfrey; Cora Stoddard; Virginia Jensen; Lois Blair; Grace Adderly; Mary Burgess; Madolin Jensen; Thelma Ketcham; Alice Liddell; Lilly J. Cliff; Almeda Montgomery; Zella Jones; Edith Empey.

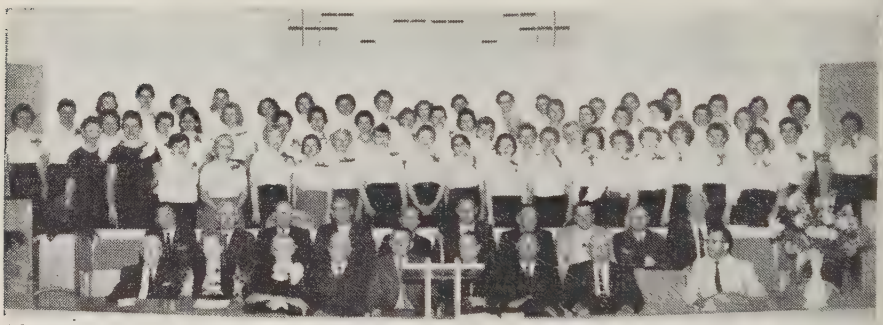
Myrl S. Stewart, President, Riverdale Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Twenty-second ward was organized in 1936. Ever since the ward was organized the sisters have achieved one hundred per cent in visiting teaching. An attractive planter was given to the Twenty-second Ward Relief Society by the stake at the visiting teacher convention to honor these sisters for their one hundred per cent visiting teaching."

Photograph submitted by Margaret Jones

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 16, 1961

Neldon Oborn, accompanist on the organ, is seated at the left on the front row; the chorister Cleone Jones is seated at the right on the front row; First Counselor Vera Leyland is seated on her right.

Second Counselor Elsabeth Hansen stands third from the left in the back row; organist Sarah Stolworthy who played the piano accompaniment, stands second from the right in the back row; President Margaret Jones stands at the right in the back row.



Photograph submitted by Millicent Winsor

PHOENIX NORTH STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 1961

Seated in the front row, left to right: James R. Price, President, Arizona Temple; LaPriel Smith, wife of Stake President Rudgar G. Smith; Jessie Evans Smith, wife of President Joseph Fielding Smith; President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve; Rudgar G. Smith, President Phoenix North Stake; Don Ostlund, First Counselor; Carl C. Jacobsen, Second Counselor; Paul Lenie, Clerk.

Seated in the second row are members of the Phoenix North Stake High Council.

Third row, standing at the left (in dark dresses): Veoma Stallings, stake Relief Society organist; Ethelyn Eagar, stake chorister.

Millicent Winsor, President, Phoenix North Stake Relief Society, reports: "At the time this picture was taken, Sister Ida M. Steele, our stake Relief Society President,

had been released, and the work was being carried on by the two counselors and the board. The work done by our Singing Mothers is most outstanding. They sang at both sessions of stake conference. Sister Jessie Evans Smith was our guest soloist. She sang 'He That Hath Clean Hands' and 'The Temple by the River.' The Singing Mothers sang two special numbers: 'My Redeemer Lives' and 'Our Heritage.' This last song was written by Emella Hall of Snowflake Stake, especially for Relief Society. By special request, the same two songs were sung by the stake Singing Mothers at our April convention."

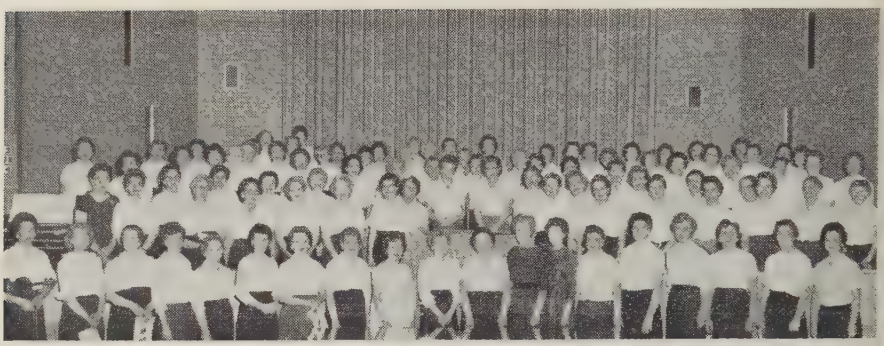
Photograph submitted by Edith E. Baddley

BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH) BRIGHAM CITY TENTH WARD CONDUCTS QUILT MAKING CONTEST

Team captains, Annie Stoker, left, and Ruth Pierce, right.

Edith E. Baddley, President, Box Elder Stake Relief Society, reports: "The sisters of the Brigham City Tenth Ward, Box Elder Stake, 'squared off' recently in an old-fashioned quilt making contest under the direction of Merle Grover, work meeting leader. Sister Grover and the Relief Society presidency, Helen Bunnell, Carol Walker, and Fay Laney, thought up the contest in an effort to renew interest in quilt making among the younger women of the ward. The ward was divided into two camps and the battle was on. Annie Stoker, assisted by Marva Cook and Relda McGregor, asked forty-three women to each make a quilt block. They chose a pinwheel pattern of many colors for their entries. Ruth Pierce, aided by Ann Bennett and Jerry Nelson, picked triangular blocks outlined in black and bordered in pink, for their efforts. Thirty-six sisters made blocks for this quilt. Each group had thirty days to complete the work. Stake work meeting leader Yvonne Hansen was named judge. She called the contest a draw. All who took part agreed that the contest was fun, but their work is only half finished, for the quilts must now be quilted.

"We feel that the work meetings in our stake are outstanding, and this contest by the Tenth Ward is but representative of the many activities engaged in by our sisters."



Photograph submitted by Wanda L. Gull

SANDY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR SPECIAL MEETING, February 4, 1961

Front row, standing (in dark dresses), left to right: Wanda L. Gull, President, Sandy Stake Relief Society; Beverly M. Brown, chorister.

Second row, standing at the left (in dark dress): Roxie N. Rich, organist.

Standing at the left, in the front row, holding violin: Maridon Nielsen.

Sister Gull reports: "On February 4, 1961, the Singing Mothers presented three lovely numbers in a special meeting. Approximately one hundred mothers participated, and they expect to participate in the stake conference in June and also for the Relief Society convention in August. We are proud of our Singing Mothers and are inspired at all times by their lovely music."

Photograph submitted by Ethel B. Whiting

PUGET SOUND STAKE (WASHINGTON) FIRST VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION, May 22, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right, beginning fifth from the left: Helen Hannigan, literature class leader; Lenna Petersen, work meeting leader; Narlynn Dickson, social science class leader; Selena F. Burbidge, Work Director Counselor; Ethel B. Whiting, President; K. Louise Huntamer, Education Counselor; Catherine Masters, theology class leader; Dr. Mary Catherine Baldwin, instructor for the course "Caring for the Sick in the Home"; High Councilman Roy S. McKinnon is seated at the right in the front row.

Sister Whiting reports: The first visiting teacher convention of the Puget Sound Stake Relief Society was held May 22, 1961, in the new Puget Sound Stake Center. There are twelve units in this stake at present. A very fine program was presented, consisting of talks, musical numbers, and a special toast to the visiting teachers, after

which three skits and a lovely reading on visiting teaching were given — 'Messengers of Love and Service' and 'The Improper and Proper Way to Do Visiting Teaching.'

"Fine program booklets had been made, which included the special messages for the summer months visiting teaching. Each booklet held a pink carnation for the visiting teacher. Following the program, pictures of the group were taken and refreshments were served. We are certainly enjoying our opportunities in Relief Society and have a growing testimony of Relief Society work."

Photograph submitted by Vida E. Manning

BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, May 21, 1961

Left to right: Kenna Smith, youngest visiting teacher; Vida E. Manning, President, Bear River Stake Relief Society; Mary Andrus, oldest visiting teacher.

Sister Manning reports: "The youngest visiting teacher in the Bear River Stake is Kenna Smith, twenty-three. She is the mother of two small children, and she has been a visiting teacher for one year. The oldest visiting teacher in the stake is Mary Wride Andrus, eighty-five years young. She was born in Provo, Utah, and spent her girlhood there. She is very proud of the fact that she lived as a neighbor to Sister Florence J. Madsen (of the General Board of Relief Society) and her family. She has been a diligent visiting teacher for many years, and sets an excellent example of consistently doing her teaching every month the morning following the visiting teacher meeting. She has a handicap, but she wears it like a crown. She spreads cheer and inspiration wherever she goes. She has served as a visiting teacher for many years and has held positions in the Church all her life.

"The visiting teacher convention was held May 21, 1961. The feature of the day was the three demonstrations of visiting teaching which were given at the Annual General Relief Society Conference in 1960. The demonstrations were presented by East Garland, Fielding, and Belmont Wards. The music was furnished by the Belmont Ward Singing Mothers and a special women's trio. Red roses and small books were presented to the honored visiting teachers and homemade candy was served to all in attendance. For the first six months of this year (1961) the Bear River Stake has achieved a one hundred per cent visiting teaching record."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 35 — "Be Not Deceived"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 50)

For Tuesday, December 5, 1961

Objective: To learn that there are ways to detect false spirit manifestations.

THE text for this lesson, Section 50, is one of the many informative and interesting revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants. It is different from many of the Sections because of the relationship of its various ideas to the central theme—men and women may know how to detect evil powers.

Although this revelation was given because of a condition which arose in some branches of the Church during Joseph Smith's time, it is as applicable today as then. (Read verse one.)

As pointed out by the Lord, the instructions in this revelation are "words of wisdom." From what source is one to seek the counsel of the Lord? In another revelation, we are instructed to "teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom . . ." (D & C 88:118). These are the books of scripture which contain the truths that guide one to salvation. Is it not the admonition of the Lord that we should live by every word that proceedeth forth from his mouth? (*Ibid.*, 84:44).

As indicated in verse two of our text, there are "many spirits which are false spirits, which have gone forth in the earth, deceiving the world."

Historical Background

What would be the reason for a revelation which, in the introduction, points out that there are many spirits in the world seeking to deceive? The elders of the Church for whom this revelation was given, were also reminded that ". . . Satan hath sought to deceive you, that he might overthrow you." In what way did the Adversary attempt to deceive? The Lord says, "Behold, I, the Lord, have looked upon you, and have seen abominations in the church that profess my name" (D & C 50:3-4). Here is what Elder Parley P. Pratt, one of those addressed in this revelation, said concerning this condition in some branches of the Church near Kirtland, Ohio:

As I went forth among the different branches, some very strange spiritual operations were manifested, which were disgusting, rather than edifying. Some persons would seem to swoon away, and make unseemly gestures, and be drawn or disfigured in their countenances. Others would fall into ecstacies, and be drawn into contortions, cramp, fits, etc. Others would seem to have visions and revelations, which were not edifying, and which were not congenial to the doctrine and spirit of the gospel. In short, a false and lying spirit seemed to be creeping into the Church.

All these things were new and strange to me, and had originated in the Church during our absence, and previous to the arrival of President Joseph Smith from New York (*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, page 61, 1950 edition).

Joseph Smith and Revelations

With Elder John Murdock and several other elders, Brother Pratt asked the Prophet to inquire of the Lord concerning these manifestations. In relating what happened when this revelation (Section 50) was received by the Prophet, there is available to us an account of the way in which Joseph Smith received some of the revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants. Following prayer, the Prophet dictated this revelation in the presence of these elders in this way:

(Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded, by an ordinary writer, in long hand.

This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings, or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each. . . .) (*Ibid.*, page 62).

In commenting upon the above testimony, Elder B. H. Roberts writes as follows:

. . . This statement of Elder Pratt's is true in a general way, and valuable as a description of the manner in which revelations were dictated by the Prophet; and needs modifying only to the extent of saying that some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments," in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given . . . (*D.H.C.* I:173, footnote).

Satan's Attacks

In all dispensations of the gospel, Satan has attempted to thwart the purposes of the Lord for man. He has spread false teachings, overcome many by spurious gifts to stimulate the genuine, and thus has weakened faith in truth and shipwrecked many souls by his deceptions. In the period of the meridian dispensation, Satan's efforts were successful in bringing about a general apostasy of the Church. His efforts to do this in the fulness of times will not succeed according to the word of the Lord (see Daniel 2; D & C 65:2); but there have been and there probably will be many who will succumb to his attacks.

In order to insure the continuance of the kingdom of God in this last dispensation, the saints have been informed through revelation to the Prophet that there are ways to detect the deceiver.

Key Against Deception

To the elders addressed in this revelation (Section 50), and for any who are seeking for a standard against deception, the Lord made known an important truth:

> And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness. That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day (D & C 50:23-24).

To edify means to improve morally and spiritually. Advancement upward is the planned purpose of God for his spirit children. Through the various stages of man's eternal journey, it is the Father's plan to develop his children. In terms of the salvation of his children, the Father's work is to bring about their exaltation. But there is only one way in which this can be accomplished. It is that man will accept Jesus Christ as his Savior. No other way is possible. Therefore, those principles, teachings, and works which do not conform to the Master's gospel will not accomplish the exaltation of man. It is he who endures to the end that will be saved. Nephi understood by revelation that all salvation revolves around the Christ. (See 2 Nephi 31:14, 16, 20, 21.)

Having a true understanding of the gospel of Jesus Christ, man knows that the path to exaltation or eternal life is observance of the commandments of God. Whenever the scriptures speak of salvation in the kingdom of God, they emphasize the necessity of following the example of Jesus. If the instructions received do not make a person better in terms of his attainment of salvation, then they are not from God. When one understands his own position in the eternal plan of the Father as a child of God, he then is capable of receiving more light and truth through strict obedience to the principles of progression. Again, all ideas, theories, commandments which are not in accordance with the teachings of Christ do not give the edification necessary to achieve the eternal life.

Jesus Christ is the light, the truth, which is to be held up before the world. It is his atonement, his works, his example, that will make possible the greatest blessing to man — eternal life. Jesus, as the resurrected Son of God, said to the Nephites: "Therefore, hold up your light that it may shine unto the world. Behold I am the light which ye shall hold up — that which ye have seen me do. Behold ye see that I have prayed unto the Father, and ye all have witnessed" (3 Nephi 18:24). ". . . Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you" (*Ibid.*, 18:16).

We follow the Savior's example when we live the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is declared to be light. (See D & C 45:28-29; 14:9-10.) Men and women are truly edified when they follow the truth — the gospel of Jesus Christ. The beginning of this progression to the fulness of truth comes with the remission of sins through repentance and the atonement of Jesus. The continued blessings of forgiveness result by keeping the commandments. (See Mosiah 4:26-27.)

Blessed Are the Faithful

Only to the faithful who endure to the end seeking for perfection will the greatest blessings come. (See D & C 14:7.) "But blessed are they who are faithful and endure, whether in life or in death, for they shall inherit eternal life" (*Ibid.*, 50:5). The fight against the Adversary must continue unabated by striving to overcome all of the barriers to one's salvation.

Wo Unto the Deceivers

The condition which existed in some branches of the Church around Kirtland resulted, in part, because of the actions of some of the members.

. . . there are hypocrites among you, who have deceived some, which has given the adversary power; but behold such shall be reclaimed (*Ibid.*, 50:7).

Who is the hypocrite? He is a pretender — one who feigns righteousness, goodness, and virtue, but his profession is not demonstrated in living the gospel. This class is particularly susceptible to being overcome by the world. Those who have been deceived by the hypocrite, however, "shall be reclaimed."

But the hypocrites shall be detected and shall be cut off, either in life or in death, even as I will . . . (*Ibid.*, 50:8).

Those who seek to deceive, and remain unrepentant, will be revealed. They will leave the truth, and darkness will ensue. If detected in this life, they are subject to being cut off from the Church. But if they are not known in this life, by their actions they have cut themselves off from the Spirit of the Lord.

. . . and wo unto them who are cut off from my church, for the same are overcome of the world (*Ibid.*, 50:8).

Who is it that remains faithful? Those who walk in the light, treasuring up the Lord's word. It is those who will not be deceived. (See Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 1:35.) But when men and women follow the counsel of those who are not the legal administrators in the kingdom, and who do not walk in the light of the revelations of the Lord, they are overcome of the world. (See D & C 50:6-9.)

The Spirit of Christ

Every man receives the light of Christ or Holy Spirit by which he may be led into truth. He receives of that Spirit in order that he may distinguish between good and evil. Mormon, the Nephite prophet, declared, "For behold, the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that he may know good from evil . . ." (Moroni 7:16).

The Lord Reasons

After recognizing the source of deception in branches of the Church, the revelation continues to admonish the elders in their responsibilities as teachers of the gospel. In order that they might understand their calling and true position, the Lord posed a series of questions to these elders. (See D & C 50:10-12.) The lessons to be learned are sometimes put in question form because this method of teaching carries its own point without the necessity of further explanation. Here is the

first question: "unto what were ye ordained?" The answer sets forth the calling of these elders: "To preach my gospel by the Spirit, even the Comforter which was sent forth to teach the truth" (verse 14). But what happened to these elders? They received "spirits which ye [they] could not understand, and received them to be of God. . . ." But the Lord asks, "in this are ye justified?" Is this question answered in the revelation? "Behold ye shall answer this question yourselves; nevertheless, I will be merciful unto you; he that is weak among you hereafter shall be made strong" (verse 16).

Although reprimanding these elders for their inability to understand the real source of these false manifestations, they were to be made strong by the key given them in this revelation. It is: "And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness" (verse 23). In verses 17 through 21, the elders are instructed by questions and answers that they may know the important truth that it is by the Spirit of truth one may know the things of God. Therefore, in the words of the revelation: ". . . he that preacheth and he that receiveth, understand one another, and both are edified and rejoice together" (verse 22). Understanding one another depends upon the receptivity of the Holy Ghost by both speaker and hearer. This principle was expressed by Nephi in his parting testimony to us of this generation. (See 2 Nephi 33:1-2.)

"Ask . . . and It Shall Be Done"

He who serves as a preacher of truth, being ordained of God and sent forth, is to be respected in his calling as he becomes the servant of all. (See Mt. 20:26-28.) He is, by his faith, the possessor of all things, for all things are subject to him as the Father through his Son Jesus Christ wills it be done. But no one may exercise such powers except as "he be purified and cleansed from all sin." Then, "ye shall ask whatsoever you will in the name of Jesus and it shall be done." As it was among the Nephites (see Jacob 4:6-7), so it is in this dispensation. "But know this, it shall be given you what you shall ask; as ye are appointed to the head, the spirits shall be subject unto you." (See D & C 50:25-30.)

A Second Key Against Deception

If he who has been ordained and cleansed from sin sees a spirit manifest which is not understood by him, sincere prayer should be offered to obtain knowledge concerning that spirit. (See D & C 50:31-32.) But in what way would one proclaim against such a spirit? Certainly not in pride and boasting, or in taking unto oneself the honor, but in gratitude to God for the blessing of discernment (*Ibid.* 50:33-34).

The necessity for prayer by those who seek further enlightenment from our Father is well expressed by the Prophet Nephi. (See 2 Nephi 32:4, 8, 9.)

Summary

What did this revelation do for the Church and its members at this early period (1831)? It gave to the elders a lesson in their responsibilities as servants of the Lord. It prevented the Church from being divided into factions in following false

spirits. By detecting evil influences through keys given by the Lord, the members had a means of being protected from false manifestations.

Present Application

What does this revelation mean to this generation, over 130 years later?

President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve has given us counsel in some of the matters contained in this revelation, as follows:

> The nearer we approach God, the better we endeavor to keep His commandments, the more we will search to know His will as it has been revealed, the less likely it will be for us to be led astray by every wind of doctrine, by these false spirits that lie in wait to deceive, and by the spirits of men. . . . We will be protected, and we will have the power to understand, to segregate truth from error, we will walk in the light and we will not be deceived. . . . I want to tell you there is much error in this world that is passed off as truth, and it behooves every man of us to seek God, and . . . [to] draw near unto Him, and the nearer we draw unto Him, and the more we seek to do His will the more light we shall receive and the less shall be the danger of our deception (*Conference Report*, April 1940, pp. 98-99).

But what of those who do not follow the counsel to draw near to the Lord?

> Now the man who is dilatory, the man who is unfaithful, the man who is not willing to keep the commandments of the Lord in all things lays himself open to deception because the Spirit of the Lord is not with him to lead and direct him and show him the way of truth and righteousness, and therefore some error comes along and he absorbs it because he cannot understand and realize the difference between truth and error (*Ibid*, page 99).

Instructions to Certain Elders

The last ten verses of Section 50 consist of instructions (counsel) to Joseph Wakefield, Parley P. Pratt, John Corrill, and Edward Partridge. The first three brethren are assigned to labor in the Lord's vineyard, while Brother Partridge is told that he should not restrain Brother Corrill from his appointed calling. (See verses 37-39.) Important truths were made known to these brethren in verses 40-42.

All of us are to live by faith in this life, being submissive to the Lord's will, as little children. We may increase in faith and knowledge and thereby be able to grow in the light of truth until that "light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day" (verse 24).

The Prophet Joseph Smith said:

> . . . Faith comes by hearing the word of God. If a man has not faith enough to do one thing, he may have faith to do another: if he cannot remove a mountain, he may heal the sick. Where faith is there will be some of the fruits: all gifts and power which were sent from heaven, were poured out on the heads of those who had faith (*D.H.C.* V:355).

The Guarantee

The revelation closes with the promises of the Father to all those who remain faithful.

> And the Father and I are one. I am in the Father and the Father in me; and inasmuch as ye have received me, ye are in me and I in you. Wherefore, I am in your midst, and I am the good shepherd, and the stone of Israel. He that buildeth upon this rock shall never fall. And the day cometh that you shall hear my voice and see me, and know that I am. Watch, therefore, that ye may be ready. Even so. Amen (D & C 50:43-46).

Questions for Discussion

1. In terms of individual salvation, what is the most important thing for a person to do in life?
2. Who is a hypocrite, and what will happen to him?
3. What assistance is given to every man that he may be able to judge righteously?
4. In what way does The Book of Mormon (2 Nephi 33:1-2) assist one to understand that it is by the Holy Spirit that truth is known? (See D & C 52:17-23.)
5. What is the second key against deception?
6. Give the value of this revelation (Section 50) for the members of the Church in 1831 and in 1961.
7. What counsel does President Joseph Fielding Smith give for the way to help keep us from being deceived?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 35 — "Remember in All Things the Poor and the Needy, the Sick and the Afflicted" (D & C 52:40).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, December 5, 1961

Objective: To describe the nature of genuine charity.

OUR great Relief Society organization was founded on the divine concept of charity. At the second meeting of Relief Society, the Prophet Joseph Smith said that the "object [of the society] is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan . . . [the sisters] will pour in oil . . . to the wounded heart of the distressed; they will dry up the tears of the orphan and make the widow's heart to rejoice" (*D.H.C.* IV:567).

It was on the basis of this instruction that Relief Society adopted as its slogan "Charity Never Faileth."

The organization itself is living up to its instruction and heritage, but are we as individuals known for our "acts of benevolence and kindness"? Does this message, as contained in The Doctrine and Covenants 52:40, apply to us?

Genuine charity of the type the Lord expects of us, must be completely unselfish. We must give of ourselves and of our substance in love, with no thought of worldly recompense. The good we do must be done for the love of doing it with only the welfare of others in mind. Jesus gave us the pattern for true charity when he said ". . . when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee . . . let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" (Mt. 6:2-3).

One of the beautiful stories in literature which dramatizes the nature of sincere charity, is that told by Henry Van Dyke in "The Mansion." This is the story of John Weightman who, according to his own definition, was a "self-made man of high principles who patterned his life according to approved rules. He gave generously of his wealth to those in need, always making sure that his gifts were easily identified and would bring him the best in return. One Christmas Eve as he read the scripture "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth" he drifted into sleep. Soon he found

himself in a strange land. Here he was with a small group of people seeking their homes in this celestial city. The material for these mansions consisted of all the good deeds done while the individuals were upon the earth, the comfort they brought, the strength and love they had bestowed upon the suffering. Each mansion differed in size and shape according to the amount of material sent. Finally, the group came to a tiny hut, built of scraps and discarded fragments of other buildings. When John Weightman was told this was his mansion, he asked how it could be that such a pitifully small house had been built for him, when all his life he had done good. To which the wise gatekeeper replied that all of those good deeds were carefully recorded on earth where they would add to the man's credit. He had received his reward on earth. Then the gatekeeper asked, "Would you be paid twice?"

Certainly, to perform our charity with no thought of reward or approbation here is the key to genuine and effective giving. None of us should expect to be rewarded twice.

Moreover, we are mistaken if we assume that only those who have substantial possessions can be charitable, for we can give genuinely of ourselves, regardless of the size or nature of our gifts. The important thing is our attitude. We can supply much with our hearts of what we lack in our hands.

At this Christmastime and throughout our lives, let us practice genuine charity by letting unselfishness, "kindness, charity and love" crown our works.

Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 3 — Being a Good Neighbor

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, December 12, 1961

Objective: To show that we serve our Father in Heaven better and are happier, if we obey the commandment ". . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Mt. 7:12).

AS we move beyond the home circle, close associates are our neighbors. The value of politeness to them cannot be overestimated, for this is the pattern for peace.

Can we expect world peace when we cannot maintain it in our own small world? As a strong body of spiritual women, we Relief Society sisters should live peaceably with those around us. We should be exemplary in all of our dealings with our neighbors for the sake of our own happiness, their enjoyment of associating with us, and for missionary possibilities. We will then be attempting to obey the great commandment of loving our neighbors as ourselves. We should strive for thoughtful treatment of others, teamed with self-discipline, rather than keeping the rules for rules' sake.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.
—Anon.

With this little verse as our guide,

we will consider areas where kindness might be put into use in our own neighborly relations. Is it kind to let misunderstandings run on from day to day, week to week, and year after year? Is it thoughtful to allow personal pride to stand in the way of seeking forgiveness? Whom does delayed forgiveness injure most? Do we care less for each other than we do for the dubious honor of being right? If we are right, then we can afford to be humbly right. If we are wrong, humility and love can make things right.

Is it either Christian or polite to go into our neighbor's home to help in time of sickness and then criticize her housekeeping behind her back? Is it Christian or polite to ignore the newcomer at church, to neglect to say a word of appreciation to the teacher, the chairman of the banquet, the speaker of the meeting, when opportunity arises? Is it exemplary of our Heavenly Father's teachings to criticize efforts of others, or to refuse to participate further in a program or activity when something isn't done our way?

Things to Avoid

1. Criticizing or belittling in any way a neighbor's beliefs (political or religious), her methods of cleaning, gardening, rearing her family, managing her money.
2. Giving advice on personal matters. Listen, sympathize, console, and, perhaps, suggest, but very cautiously, even when asked to do so.
3. Borrowing. When necessary to do so, be quick to return the article borrowed.
4. Walking in without being invited, no matter how friendly you may be.
5. Gossiping, even though there may be proof of the circumstance.
6. Breaking a confidence.
7. Allowing our pets to run in our neighbors' yards.
8. Prying. If neighbors want us to know their financial or personal business, they will tell us voluntarily.
9. Inflicting our problems on our neighbors.
10. Doing anything unusual which would prove disturbing or unpleasant, such as building a trash fire when there are clothes drying on a line in the neighborhood; cutting the lawn with a noisy lawn mower in the early morning; entertaining outside until inconsiderately late at night; permitting trash to blow onto the neighbors' property or otherwise become offensive to them; allowing our sprinklers to spray into cars, or house windows, or onto drying clothes.

Marks of a Good Neighbor

A good neighbor is extremely anxious to:

1. Visit a newcomer in the neighborhood. A friendly greeting of welcome and an invitation to allow us to help as needed with shopping facilities, etc., and an invitation to attend Relief Society with us are thoughtful actions.
2. Show loyalty to a neighbor. Support her in her efforts when it is possible. Offer assistance with baby tending, to watch the house and grounds during vacations, etc.
3. Instruct one's children to respect other people's yards and property.
4. Forgive and forget. Be willing to rectify errors, to show warmth and love increasingly, following difficulty or tension between you.

In the words of Abraham Lincoln let us strive to improve our relationships with our neighbors: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Let us harbor no grudges or resentments, plant no ill seed, spread no unhappiness, pray for our neighbor's welfare and understanding, and also for strength and wisdom to do unto others as we would be done by.

Questions for Discussion

1. How did Christ define a good neighbor?
2. What are positive ways of being a good neighbor?
3. In what ways can we go the extra mile to be better than just a "good neighbor," but a very special, lovable one?

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 27 — Whittier, Lover of New England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 400-413)

For Tuesday, December 19, 1961

Objective: To study and appreciate Whittier's strong feelings toward place and time as revealed in his writings.

ALTHOUGH Whittier freely gave more than thirty years of his maturity to defending his moral and political principles, throughout his entire life he was actively engaged in sharing in print his sustaining love for the way of life symbolized by his home State of Massachusetts. This place, to which he was so completely tied, was representative of the three other loves of his life: his family, his country, and his religion. The three homes which he knew — Haverhill, Amesbury, Oak Knoll — were never merely soil, wood, grass, and stone; rather than location they became emotion. It was this deep emotional attachment which gave to all his writings his characteristic stamp of simplicity, sincerity, and radiating optimism, giving unity to his works as to his life. And it was this same attachment for place and all it symbolized which predominated his last thirty years of popularity and success. Yet this strong sense of place had been a strong drive in his writings from his earliest published writings on.

While still in his twenties, Whittier wrote to a friend:

> I would have fame with me now, or not at all. I would not choose between a nettle or a rose to grow over my grave. If I am worthy of fame, I would ask it now, — now in the springtime of my years; when I might share its smile with the friends whom I love, and by whom I am loved in return. But who would ask a niche in that temple where the dead alone are crowned?

His first attempt to achieve fame was through writing of rural New England as he knew it and as it had been. Despite his aching head and painful chest, he wrote with a tremendous energy, producing almost one-third of his total number of poems before he was twenty-five, and producing over forty volumes of verse and prose in his lifetime. Many of his early tales were concerned with Indian massacres, battles, and heroes. In October 1830, when he was twenty-three, he published a poem, "New England," in which he sang of her moral and physical beauty, pledged himself to celebrate New England in all his writings, and promised to dedicate whatever fame he achieved to her glory.

The following year his first book appeared, *Legends of New England*, significant because it was one of the first books to look back with fond remembrance to events and patterns of the immediately local scene, in contrast to Irving's fantasies and Cooper's romantic adventures.

Although Whittier wrote much,

A Perry Picture

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

was appreciated and widely read, he was aware of his poetic limitations, especially when he compared himself to the great Puritan poet, John Milton whom he so much admired. Yet, like Milton, he too fought with zeal against tyranny and in behalf of human freedom. In the Proem [Introduction] to his collected poems of 1847, he expresses this thought:

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope
to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were
my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts
on thy shrine!

He wrote poems praising the beauties of nature and relating them to Indian legends of the past; he described the French and the English in brutal warfare, honored those who first settled Nantucket, and censured those who persecuted the staunch Quakers, who were the zealous dissenting minority in New England from the mid-seventeenth century on.

Margaret Smith's Journal

In 1833 Whittier had given up poetry for the cause of the abolitionists, yet he kept alive his interest in New England and her past, as exemplified in *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, a book published in 1849. This long account was supposedly written by a girl who came to Massachusetts in 1687 for one year and kept an account of her visit. Smoothly written, the book re-creates the Puritan past in term

of Whittier's own love of nature and Quakerism. More significantly, it predicts the interest in local place and event in which Whittier later excelled, and which in turn, pointed the way for the Local Color writers of the 1880's and 1890's. The *Journal* tells of dangerous Quaker enthusiasts being whipped for breaking into Puritan meetings to cry them all to repentance; of selling Indians to slave ships, and of appeasing local chiefs by giving them whiskey; of unexplained knockings and benches floating about the room, and of midnight voices summoning seamen to come ashore and dance about a fire which next morning could never have existed. An excerpt dated September 30, 1678, expresses Whittier's lyric love of nature's beauty, which he found lamentably lacking in the Puritan past.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods, which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under the bright westerly sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark and light, orange, pale yellow and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful to behold. . . . These colors did remind me of the stains of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. . . . I gazed until my eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wonderful beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the children of men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "O Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all, and the earth is full of riches" (*Complete Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*, published by Houghton - Mifflin 1892, Vol. I, pp. 61-62).

That Whittier was constantly aware of the contemporary scene, and eager to keep his pen trimmed and active, is to be found in his account of a Mormon meeting which he casually wandered into in 1847. Favorably impressed, as the following excerpts show, he was at the same time aware of the fervor and dedication exhibited.

Another speaker, a stout black-browed "son of thunder" gave an interesting account of his experiences. He had been one of the apostles of the Mormon Evangel, and had visited Europe. He went in faith. He had "but three cents in his pocket" when he reached England. He went to the high professors of all sects, and they would not receive him; they pronounced him "damned already." He was reduced to great poverty and hunger: alone in a strange land; with no one to bid him welcome. He was on the very verge of starvation. "Then," said he, "I knelt down and I prayed in earnest faith, 'Lord, give me this day my daily bread.' Oh, I tell ye, I *prayed with a good appetite*; and I rose up, and was moved to go to a house at hand. I knocked at the door, and when the owner came I said to him, 'I am a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, from America. I am starving — will you give me some food?' 'Why, bless you, yes,' said the man, 'sit down and eat as much as you please.' And I did sit down at his table, blessed by God: but, my hearers, he was not a professor; he was not a Christian, but one of Robert Owen's infidels. The Lord reward him for his kindness."

In listening to these modern prophets, I discovered, as I think, the great secret of their success in making converts. They speak to a common feeling; they minister to a universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in the apostolic time with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for the signs of divine power; the faith, overcoming all things, which opened the prison doors of the apostles, gave them power over the elements, which rebuked disease and death itself, and made visible to all the presence of the living God. They ask for any declaration in the Scripture that this miraculous power of faith was to be confined to the first confessor of

Christianity. They speak a language of hope and promise to weak, weary hearts, tossed and troubled, who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of divine power (*Living Age*, 1847, Vol. 15, pp. 461-462).

The Classic Whittier

Those poems of Whittier's which are best known portray those values which in Whittier's own life were best loved: heroism of ordinary people, unselfish charity toward the weak and oppressed, peace in nature as in the home, and the constant awareness of God's goodness and immediate presence. "Skipper Ireson's Ride" catches in its rhythms the rude vigor of outraged wives needlessly robbed of their loved ones; yet on the instant they can pity the object of their scorn. (See text, page 403.)

Yet nearer Whittier's heart, and countless numbers of his readers' is his "Barefoot Boy," a lightsome hymn of praise to the sweet peace of innocence in nature:

> Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
> With thy turned-up pantaloons,
> And thy merry whistled tunes.
> With thy red lip, redder still
> Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
> With the sunshine on thy face,
> Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace
> From my heart I give thee joy,—
> I was once a barefoot boy! . . .
> Let the million-dollared ride!
> Barefoot, trudging at his side,
> Thou hast more than he can buy
> In the reach of ear and eye,—
> Outward sunshine, inward joy:
> Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Snow-Bound

The best poem Whittier ever wrote was acknowledged as such by the great popular acclaim which it received upon publication, in 1866. Written in midsummer, it gave solace to a war-torn, bereaved nation. Within its lines Whittier achieves near-perfection as he recalls a beautiful, tender home life all the more poignant to Whittier since the recent death of his sister Elizabeth, his lifelong companion and disciple. For readers of his own day "Snow-Bound" evidently filled a universal need by offering itself as sanctuary against newly emerging currents of conflict and tension more severe than they had heretofore been called upon to endure; for succeeding generations, it has caught within its cameo-precise, yet starkly simple scenes, the essential spirit of Whittier which otherwise is available to us only in the portrait and personality of Whittier himself. Were a compilation of the great nature classics of American literature to be made, "Snow-Bound" would take its rightful place next to "Walden" by Thoreau, "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, and "Birches," by Robert Frost. "Snow-Bound" gives continuity and personal depth to that great emotion of inness and security found briefly in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The poem as given below should be read in groups, and aloud.

> The sun that brief December day
> Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
> And, darkly circled, gave at noon
> A sadder light than waning moon.
> Slow tracing down the thickening sky
> Its mute and ominous prophecy,
> A portent seeming less than threat,
> It sank from sight before it set.
> A chill no coat, however stout,
> Of homespun stuff could quite shut out
> A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of ocean on his wintry shore.
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air. . . .

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still. . . .

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost. . . .

And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you feel Whittier's sense of place is a local New England feeling or a universal one?

2. How, in your opinion, did Whittier achieve integrity between his personal life and beliefs and his poetry?

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..... GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen ..... .25

..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen .. .25

..... INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes .. .25

..... IN THY FORM—Madsen ..... .20

..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20

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..... LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER—Verdi ..... .20

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SOCIAL SCIENCE

The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

Wind-Lightened Bough

Mabel Law Atkinson

Spring, and the slumbrous I was stirred —
The tree in full-bloom flower
Spiralling, dancing petals down,
Awoke the fruit-bud hour.

Summer, fulfilling, sang in me —
Heavily laden, the bough —
Ripened, mature for giving, was I.
(What of the fruitage now?)

Muted my song in the wind's wild shrill —
Lightened the bough and tossed:
Only one withering apple clings —
Storm-maimed, I wait the frost.

Mendicant-forlorn, the tree —
Poignantly sweet my sorrow,
If in the ripened wind-reaped fruit
Is seed for tomorrow.

Nocturne

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

You, with the midnight grin,
Mommy's not coming in.
Sleep, darling, sleep!

You, in your boudoir pink—
Gabby as a bobolink,
Mommy has brought you a drink,
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Pillow your tousled head
Down near your rumpled spread—
New words will keep!
Mommy has gone to bed.
Sleep, darling . . . sleep.

Weed Seeds

Celia Luce

EACH year I work to keep the weeds out of my garden, but each year they come up again to plague me.

It seems hard to tell where all the weed seeds come from. I like to blame someone else for them. I like to think they floated down the irrigation ditch or were blown in from a vacant lot.

If I am honest with myself, I must admit that most of the seeds came from weeds grown in my garden. A few dandelion and wild lettuce seeds do ride into my garden on the wind. A few seeds float down the irrigation ditch. But, if I look in the far corners of my garden, I find plenty of weeds growing seeds.

I also like to think that I am not responsible for my troubles. I just have bad luck. Someone else is responsible. But, if I am honest, I must take most of the responsibility. Perhaps I am ill because I didn't follow the rules of health. The ill will I get from others may be the result of my own thoughtlessness or carelessness. I may lack friends because I am too lazy to make friends.

Perhaps I am just making little troubles into big ones.

If I follow carefully the plan for life laid out by God, I will find that many of my troubles could be avoided. And I will find the help needed to bear the others and grow through them.

On the Stair

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Had I looked for beauty,
I had not found it there,
Elusive as the shadow
On the narrow stair;

But I looked for love,
And beauty met me where
The turning framed your eagerness,
The sun lit up your hair.

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The One-Room Schoolhouse

Alice R. Rich

IN quiet confidence one-room schoo house, you have stood as a symbo of faith and loyalty since first your doo were opened for classwork. Your lengt of days has spanned the time since daun less pioneers pushed back the wilderne and brought the waste places into neede productiveness. Within your four pla walls, sweet dreams have flowered ar boys and girls have grown tall and fai fired with ambition and desire to mo ahead and add their strength and upli to the onward march of progress, at hom and far beyond the narrow boundaries the little town.

Today, you are a far cry from the mo ern school in architecture, lighting, he and in general efficiency, but what y lacked in these you make up in a clos ness of purpose and a sincere desire help.

As I recall the days when I warme myself at the old black stove, sat at t high wooden desks, wrote on my sla and memorized the multiplication tabl a feeling of gratitude comes to me a enfolds me like a warming shawl; ag I feel the security and love that was mi in your friendly atmosphere.

Today, although your doors are clos and the village children are transported larger centers of learning, neither time n change can dim nor alter the warm the trust, and neighborliness that holds roots so deeply planted there. Tena and enduring are my memories of y dear, outmoded, one-room country sch

Autumn

Vesta N. Fairbairn

Winding
River canyons
Where birch and aspen grow
Become gold ribbons to gift tie
The earth.

Youth Was a Shield

Christie Lund Coles

Our youth was a shield of joy
That covered
Us from our elders' doubt and fear;
We walked in a magic world
Discovered
By children long ago
And most everywhere.

We ran by the sandy creek bed
And tasted
Summer pearmaine apples, sweet-sharp
Against the deliberate tongue.
We wasted
And plundered time, yet our days
Were strung like a harp.

A strange enchantment touched our days,
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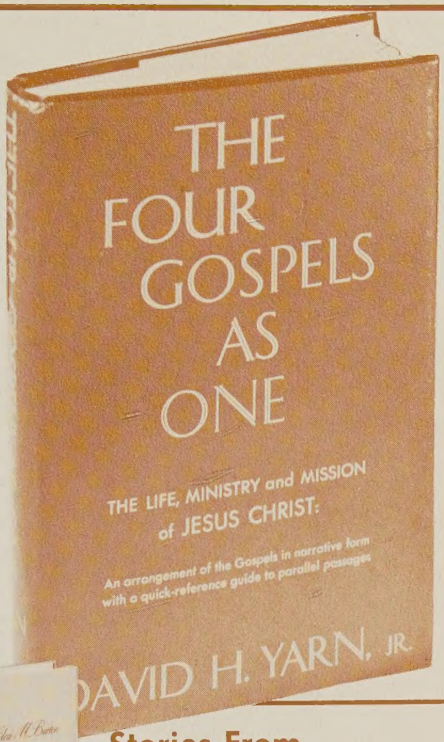
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